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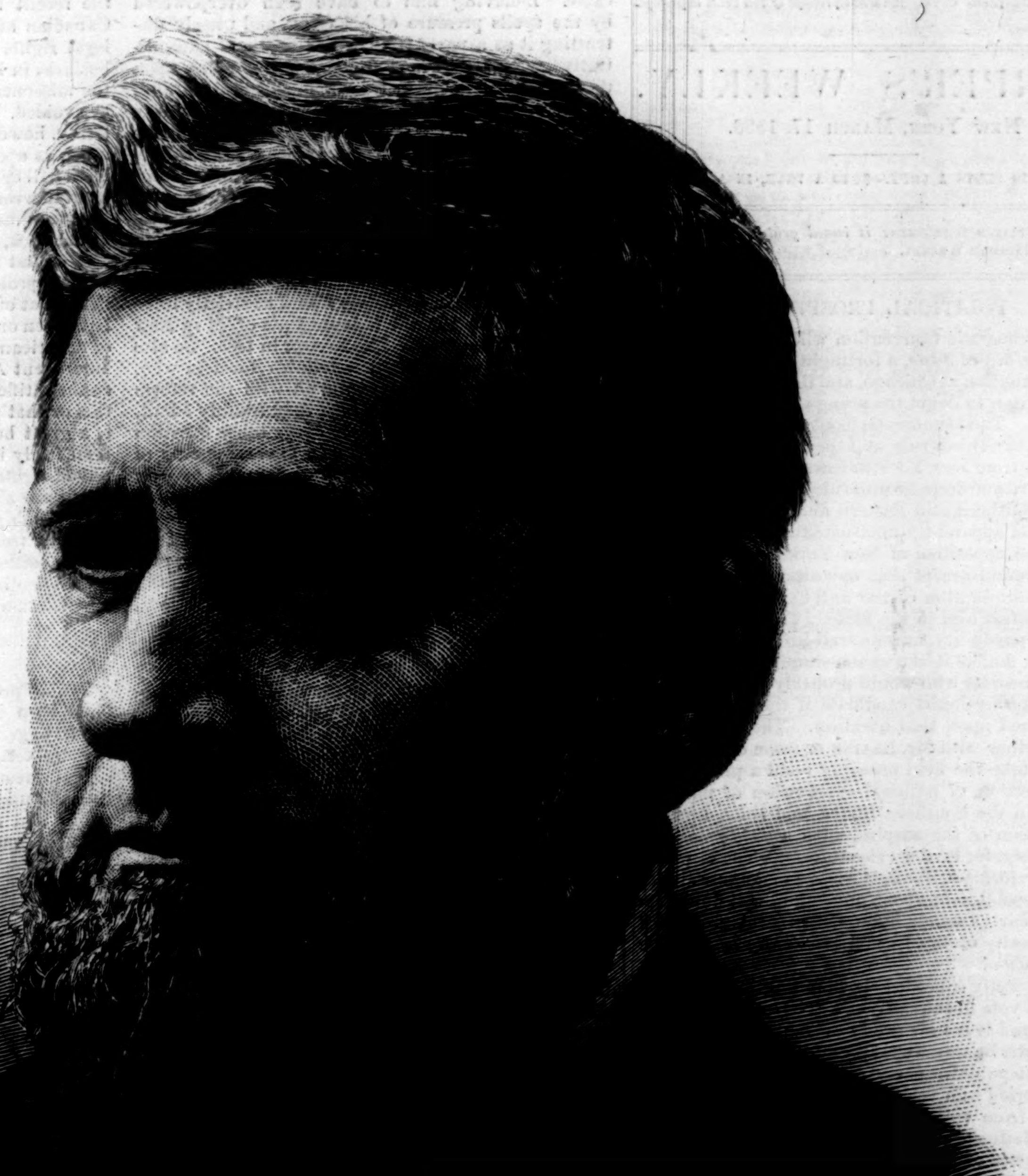

SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON, OF IOWA.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 17, 1888.

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The Democratic Convention will meet at St. Louis on the 5th of June, a fortnight before the Republican Convention at Chicago, and there seems to be no serious reason to doubt the prompt nomination of the President. The Democratic Convention, indeed, acts under the two-thirds rule, and there may be a divided delegation from New York, at least in sentiment, even if the absurd and despotic unit rule should be enforced. But the Southern and Eastern and Western delegations would apparently nominate the President, even against the opposition of New York, unless the Convention should accept that opposition as significant of the determination of the anti-Cleveland Democrats to defeat him in the State. That there should be such a possibility, and no well-informed person in New York doubts it, shows the situation. There are many Democrats who would probably prefer the success of a protectionist candidate if the issue is to be really joined upon that question. The Republican party, whether with Mr. Blaine or some other candidate, will take the field probably upon a platform of high protection, of national supervision of national elections in the Southern States, and some form of a distribution of the surplus, with a strong declaration, possibly, for civil service reform. The Republican tariff reformers, like the Chicago *Tribune*, waiving their disappointment about protection, will doubtless give in their adhesion upon the general ground of the superiority of any Republican to any Democratic administration.

It is generally conceded that the position of the independent vote in the canvass will be one of great importance, and it is now pretty evident that the nomination of Mr. Blaine would produce another secession from the Republican party, composed of Republicans who supported him very unwillingly in 1884, or who refrained from voting. Should Mr. Blaine be set aside, a platform such as we have indicated would make support of the party very difficult for Republicans who are not high protectionists, who do not think that interference in elections in the Southern States is a wise or effective policy, who regard a huge surplus for distribution as an agency of corruption, and who do not anticipate from a Republican President a course in respect of the civil service essentially different from Mr. Cleveland's, but who hold that such a President would probably make the course of Mr. Cleveland a reason for continuing the abuse of patronage, under the pretext of correcting wrongs committed by him. That there are Republicans of the kind we describe will not be denied. Mr. Low's recent speech and interview indicate their views and feelings, and their tendency is naturally toward independence. The Republicans who voted against Mr. Blaine in 1884 would probably, under the circumstances at that time, have supported any other of the candidates proposed for the nomination. They had been strongly disposed to seek reform "within the party," and they had for some years struggled for it earnestly against the dominant spirit and tendency of the party. The nomination of Mr. Blaine was the conclusive triumph of those influences and the total rout of such Republicans. In refusing, upon personal grounds, to vote for him, they were separated from the party, and they are not likely to resume their connection with it so long as it is evident that the spirit and tendency which resulted in his nomination still control the party.

The situation of 1888 is not that of 1884, and the action of such independents will be determined undoubtedly by their views of the greater probability of promoting the general policy which they favor under Republican or Democratic ascendency. Independents who are even more strenuous tariff reformers than civil service reformers, and who are not disturbed by the fact that the President's interest in tariff reform is not more strongly expressed now than his interest in reform of the civil service was declared at the opening of his administration, would support him with enthusiasm as the representative of tariff reform. Those who hold reform in the civil service to be the paramount issue, and whose action would be decided solely by the prospects of that reform, would be unwilling to support Mr. Cleveland because of the great injury which they hold him to have done to that cause. They think that being openly committed to it, and having, as they believe, failed to accomplish what was reasonably to be expected, his course has greatly prejudiced the reform by apparently proving it to be visionary and impracticable. Believing him to have been overpowered by the spoils pressure of his party, and utterly distrusting it as a party from which any real administrative reform can be expected, and preferring upon that subject Republican traditions and probabilities, they would naturally incline, in the absence of any new party, toward any personally unobjectionable Republican candidate. Such reformers, and especially in Indiana and Maryland, where disappointment with the reform course of the Administration has been very great, would probably waive their repugnance to high protection and surplus distribution and Southern interference, as matters of less pressing importance. Their course in supporting an unobjectionable Republican candidate would be strictly independent, like that of the independents of '84 in New York, who voted for Mr. Davenport in 1885. So also would be the action of their fellow-reformers who, waiving their great disappointment with the reform course of Mr. Cleveland, which they frankly admit, but not willing to subordinate every other question to that of reform, should upon a general survey of the situation support him as the better alternative. Such seems to us to be a fair view of the probabilities at the present time. The great, if not fatal, weakness of the Republican party is that it outwhigs the Clay Whigs in its demand for protection, that in dealing with the surplus its policy is one of political demoralization instead of industrial relief, and that upon the grave race question in the Southern States it proposes nothing effectual, and practices nothing but sectional exasperation. The unmanly and ribald speech of Mr. Ingalls, which was designed to stimulate the worst party passions, is one of the many signs of the deplorable decadence of the Republican party. If such signs forecast, as now seems to be inevitable, its position in the campaign, it could hardly recall the support of those who voted against Mr. Blaine merely because he may be set aside, and because they are told what they have themselves clearly seen and said, that Mr. Cleveland's is not a civil service reform administration.

THE PENDING TREATY.

Secretary Bayard's letter accompanying the documents in regard to the Fisheries Treaty states plainly just what the treaty is, and it coincides with Mr. Chamberlain's statement at the dinner of the Canadian Club. It was a frank, vigorous, and sensible speech. The treaty, as Mr. Chamberlain says, is not a surrender on either side, as it is called by the party opponents of the governments which have made the treaty, but it is a definite settlement of the points which, under the existing treaty, have been long in dispute. It is an interpretation of the Treaty of 1818, with security for enjoyment of the rights guaranteed. In that treaty Mr. Rush, one of the negotiators, said that he introduced the renunciation of our fishery rights which were acknowledged by the Treaty of 1782, and introduced it without the request of the British negotiators. Mr. Rush states the fact, but he gives no reason. The fact remains that our present rights and those of Canada are determined by the Treaty of 1818. Mr. Chamberlain says that in construing these legal rights he thinks that Canada ought not to be too strict, but that she should concede all that is possible without serious injury to her own interests. But, he adds, it is too much to expect her to allow her own shores to be made the base of fishery operations for competitors who exclude her from their own markets. She offers them in return for an equivalent, and that he holds not to be unreasonable. Another advantage gained for both countries in the avoidance of disputes he finds in the delimitation for which the treaty provides, and which defines exactly the common fishing-grounds.

There are but three things, says Mr. Chamberlain, which, under the treaty, are denied to American fishermen: they will not be allowed to fish in the territorial waters of Canada; and their leading representatives have constantly said that they do not wish to, and they have been only taken at their word. They are also excluded from obtaining supplies essentially intended for fishery operations, the shipping of crews, and the transshipment of the catch. But this is not a new provision. These privileges were expressly and voluntarily renounced by the American Commissioner in 1818, without a request from the other side. If now the desire to enjoy them is so great, they can be had, as Mr. Chamberlain pleasantly said, whenever the United States are willing to give their citizens a cheaper and more abundant supply of fish, or for two years by the payment of a sum of about $150 for the average American fishing vessel. This is an arrangement which, if the Treaty of 1818 be regarded as the basis of the existing situation, does not seem to be unreasonable, and which, as a compromise or general *modus vivendi*, is undoubtedly the best that can now be reached.

If, indeed, the right of fishery as it was acknowledged by the Treaty of 1782 is to be made the American demand, the treaty which is now pending is not to be considered, because it proceeds upon the assumption that such a right is not demanded. But if the recent treatment of our fishing vessels by the Canadian authorities arises from a misconception of legal rights upon the part of Canadian officers, the business in hand is to determine these rights, so that the misconception and consequent exasperation may be avoided. The opposition to the ratification of the treaty, however, will not be based upon its merits so much as upon the exigencies of party, and the argument will be evidently not a clear and conclusive statement of wrongs done to us so much as an appeal to jealousy and hatred of England. This is an old and familiar trick, and it has been sometimes very effective. The easiest and most obvious course for those who wish to prolong the situation or to exasperate it is to insist that our poor, feeble, British-ridden negotiators have been out-witted and bamboozled into a surrender of American rights by a clever and wily Englishman. Intelligent Americans, however, will ask not whether the ratification of the treaty will injure or benefit this or that political party, or whether Great Britain is a great bully, but whether the Treaty of 1818 has been fairly interpreted, with proper security for stipulated rights, and whether a better adjustment of the difference short of complete freedom of the fisheries is reasonably to be expected. As Mr. Bayard truly says, the treaty, like all fair treaties, is a compromise, and it settles honorably an old and annoying misunderstanding, which every sensible American and Englishman wishes to see equitably adjusted.

THE TARIFF BILL.

No bill providing for a reduction of the tariff could have been introduced in Congres without arousing the strongest opposition, and no bill could have had the slightest chance of passage which was not inconsistent, incomplete, and inadequate. The reason is that the majority in the Senate is a protectionist majority, and that of the House is divided upon the question, and that the vote of many members will be determined not by their party sympathy, but by the interests of their constituencies. The measure reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, therefore, is, as Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, says, founded upon no principle, and has no logical consistency. The proposed changes extend the free list, but an important part of the scheme is a large abolition of internal revenue duties. This plan, of course, is not in accord with the President's recommendations, nor with the principle of duties for revenue, while certain details of the bill are treated with a view to votes. There is nothing in all this, however, which is surprising if the bill be regarded as a plan for reducing the surplus. It is not essential that to accomplish this result a measure should be strictly equitable, and if inconsistencies are introduced in order to secure votes, they must be regarded as the price paid for a relief more important than a perfectly equable adjustment.

It seems to be now conceded, however, that the bill cannot pass, and that it must be regarded mainly as a political measure. This means that as the President's Message has apparently made the tariff the prominent issue in the election of this year, and as the Democratic majority in the House is not agreed upon the question, the best course is to present a scheme upon which the larger number of Democrats can unite, and which will allay the apprehension of free-trade and disturbance of vested interests, and go to the country upon it as the party policy. This is a sagacious policy. It presents the Democratic party as proposing to correct the enormous over-taxation of a war tariff, and to relieve the dangerous and demoralizing surplus by reducing the taxes upon necessaries, and by enlarging our markets, thereby increasing the demand and opportunity of labor, and to do this in a way which befriends industry, and silences the taunt of free-trade and pauper labor. To this general scheme the Republicans will probably oppose a project to retain the enormous duties upon the materials of industry, to repeal the internal taxes upon luxuries, and to distribute the surplus in various ways, meanwhile raising against the Democrats the cry of British gold and British policy, the pauperization of American labor and the overthrow of American industry.

In this political drama the Democratic Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, plays a peculiar part. He is understood to hold his seat by favor of the Republicans as a convenient marplot of his party in Congress. With some eighteen or twenty or more Democrats he is trusted to defeat the bill as reported. In the House he will thus be serviceable to the Republicans. But should the general scheme that we have mentioned become the policy of the party, a scheme not of free-trade, but of surplus reduction with due regard for domestic industries and vested interests, Mr. Randall will support his party upon the stump, and the more pronounced his protectionist position in Congress, the more positive will be the conclusion drawn from his action in the campaign that his party is not a free-trade party, and that its success would not imperil judicious protection. So long as the Republican favorite Mr. Randall remains a Democratic leader, the Republican effort to stigmatize the Democratic party as hostile to American industry will wholly miscarry. When, however, Mr. Randall leaves his party and identifies himself with the Republicans, it may be assumed that the Democratic party has finally decided to adhere to the policy of a tariff for revenue, with such incidental protection as may happen. The tariff is not the issue upon which existing parties were formed, and the attempt to adjust them to it is not yet successful. The Republicans, who are largely protectionist, have lost an immense opportunity by not seeing that the amazing changes in the Southern States have developed a very strong feeling for protection, which, just in the degree that the Democrats became more decidedly a strict revenue tariff party, would have inclined them to co-operation with the Republicans for the maintenance of a high tariff, if they had not been kept solidly anti-Republican by the bitter and contemptuous and reactionary tone of the Republican party. The tariff bill in the House and the debate upon it are to be regarded merely as movements for position in the Presidential election. The hope is that they may affect the elections so as to result in a House in which the parties will represent definite and intelligible policies.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

It would be very unfortunate if a mistaken course upon the part of Mr. Arthur and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers should not only alienate public sympathy from the present strike, but tend to justify prejudice against the leadership of all strikes. The conduct of the management of the Knights of Labor under similar circumstances has not won public confidence in its good sense, which is precisely the quality which has been hitherto generally attributed to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The statement in regard to wages which was issued by Mr. Arthur was clear and precise, and as the company has announced that it will pay as liberal wages as other great roads, the statement, unless traversed successfully by the company, will command public confidence, and draw public sympathy to the demand of the strike. But because the demand, if the statement should be uncontradicted, may be approved by public sentiment, it does not follow that public sentiment would approve whatever the Brotherhood might do to enforce its demand. Because a railway company, if it would do as other companies do, ought to pay larger wages, it does not follow that the railroad communication of the country, upon which the national welfare largely depends, ought to be summarily interrupted until the company comes to terms. That is wholly another thing. That is not a question of more or less wages for a few men in a part of the country, it is a question of the good order and livelihood of the whole country.

Upon that question there will not be two views nor two parties. The notion that all men who live by wages can be organized so as to overthrow the whole system of industry upon which they depend, in order to adjust a dispute between certain employers and employés, is idle. Mr. Arthur says, in his circular upon wages, that the C., B., and Q. pays engineers upon its main line $131 per month, and that other trunk lines out of Chicago pay for the same service $161. If that be so, the C., B., and Q., if it be willing to do as other companies do, should advance its rates. But the engineers upon the other roads have no dispute with their companies, and if, in order to aid the C., B., and Q. men who are demanding equal wages with them, they should abandon their engagements, stop communication upon their roads, and plunge the community into the most appalling confusion, loss, and peril, they would be utterly recreant as citizens to the public welfare, and they would be overwhelmed by the execration of the whole country. The result would not be, as some of the Brotherhood may suppose, an immediate demand of the country upon the C., B., and Q. to raise wages, but a universal determination that such a situation should be made impossible, either by methods of education or by legislation. If the case of unequal wages should be fairly made out, public pressure might be felt by the company to relieve the inconvenience. But a general combination to arrest the business and communication of the whole country to produce that result would be justly resented as a monstrous public wrong.

This is so evident, that if Mr. Arthur should be urged by the Brotherhood to attempt such a wrong, he would prove his good sense and patriotism by withstanding it, and resigning rather than yield. The confidence hitherto reposed in him is such that if he should feel the wrong contemplated by a general suspension of traffic as deeply as the great mass of intelligent Americans feel it, he could do nothing to avert it so effective as resigning his post as Grand Chief of the Brotherhood. His act would stigmatize the wrong so plainly that the effort to accomplish it would be brief and abortive. Unless the general feeling in regard to the Brotherhood is seriously mistaken, he would be sustained by a powerful sentiment among his associates, and the result would be a very much greater public influence upon their part, and a much more correct and friendly understanding between what are called Labor and Capital. The Engineers are intelligent citizens, and they must see that to overthrow the business of the whole country in order to adjust a local question of wages is burning down the house to roast the pig with a vengeance.

A BILL TO PROMOTE PESTILENCE.

The dumping bill introduced into the Legislature by Assemblyman Haggerty, of Brooklyn, should be summarily defeated. It authorizes the dumping of mud, earth, ashes, and every kind of refuse at any point in Long Island Sound not nearer than twenty miles from the City Hall. This means dumping at night anywhere; and if the precise limits of the law should be respected, it means strewing the filth of the city along the shore at New Rochelle, Larchmont, Hempstead, and all the villages in Westchester and Suffolk counties which border upon the Sound. Some of these villages have already assembled in public meeting to protest against the danger.

The outrage of such a bill is so evident that some sinister motive in introducing it is naturally suspected. It is very like the bills which appear in the Legislature apparently to prevent a general nuisance, but really to cover a particular ill intention. It is also like the bills which used to appear authorizing street railroads to cut through blocks, and which were the boldest strikes for black-mail. In fact, it belongs to the class of schemes which are intentionally mischievous and opposed to the public welfare, and which should be watched with the greatest care by every honest legislator. They are generally enormous "strikes" for the benefit of a gang of public robbers.

It is disgraceful that such attempts should be made, and that well-meaning and quiet citizens should be compelled to spend time and money to defend themselves against the wanton injury of such legislative propositions. A bill to dump garbage and refuse off the Battery would be received with incredulity. But to deposit such stuff upon the shores of New York at the peril of the health of the city is only an offence of the same kind as its deposition and distribution along the thickly settled shores of the neighborhood of New York. It is extraordinary that such a bill should be gravely considered by an intelligent committee, and should have a hearing upon its "merits." Fortunately the public mind has been aroused, and the Legislature can have no doubt of the feeling of those who are most vitally interested in the consequences of this monstrous scheme.

A VIGILANT SENTINEL.

The Executive Committee of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, in unanimously adopting the following resolutions, shows that it means promptly and plainly to expose every effort to prostitute the civil service to the benefit of a party during the coming campaign:

"*Resolved*, That the countenance given by Mr. Maynard, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Benedict, the Public Printer, to a scheme which contemplated the employment of public officers as electioneering agents of a political party is a flagrant violation of those principles in the conduct of the public service which it is the object of this association to promote, and a palpable disregard of the spirit of the President's circular of July 14, 1886, and of the views of office-holding activity in politics which he has frequently and forcibly expressed.

"*Resolved*, That the alleged abandonment of the circular, when the publication of the facts had led to a strong expression of public disapproval, does not diminish in any degree the offence of the officers in question, and leaves them exposed and baffled in an effort indirectly to discredit the good faith of the head of an administration under which they hold office.

"*Resolved*, That Executive indifference to open disregard of the sound principles of official conduct which have been often emphatically declared by the President is a most serious injury to the cause of civil service reform, and one which is contemplated with the sincerest regret by those who believe that reform to be one of the gravest and most pressing of the great questions before the country.

"*Resolved*, That the general and stringent public condemnation of the proposed circular, and of the connection with it of conspicuous officers of the government, is an encouraging sign of the sensitiveness of public opinion to traditional and grave abuses in the civil service, and of the rapidly increasing public conviction of the necessity of reasonable, thorough, and consistent civil service reform.

"*Resolved*, That an attempt on the part of high officers of this government to coerce the postmasters of the country into becoming party electioneering agents, and reporting to party committees the politics of those who go to the post-offices, is discreditable to the politics and official life of the United States."

MAYOR HEWITT AND THE ST. PATRICK'S PARADE.

Mayor Hewitt has declined to review the parade on St. Patrick's Day on the ground that his duties occupy him so closely that he cannot properly spare the time. However pleasant such a review might be, it is like attendance upon a public dinner, which must be determined by more important considerations. The declination is, however, an illustration of the Mayor's independence, and it shows a remarkable progress since the time when Tweed's Mayor, Oakey Hall, dressed himself in green to survey the procession and commend himself to the Irish voters.

It is, indeed, to many persons evidence of peculiar courage upon the part of the Mayor that he should not of course accept the invitation to the review. They are persuaded that the declination will be visited upon him at the polls, and that he will pay the penalty of declining an invitation which it is not convenient to accept by Irish hostility whenever he is a candidate. The Mayor understands this as well as anybody, and in his remarks, as reported, he left the committee under no misapprehension whatever:

> "It is not a legal holiday; and you ask me to leave my work to review your parade; and you speak first of the vote cast by the Irish and by your society. Now I may be a candidate for Mayor next fall, or for President, and I may want all the votes I can get. Every one knows that the Irish vote is strong enough to elect any candidate in this city for which it is cast; but for the purpose of getting this vote I shall not get down to the level of consenting to review any parade, be it Irish, or Dutch, or any other nationality. I shall review no parades except those which I am officially required as Mayor to review."

For such a frank, manly, and honorable reply every good citizen is greatly indebted to the Mayor, and amid the universal servility of politicians to this, that, and the other "vote," it is refreshing to hear a public man answering the representatives of a "vote" in a tone so vigorous, self-respecting, and thoroughly American. The parasites of a monarch are favorite subjects of republican contempt, but the servile seekers of votes are quite as contemptible. There is not an honorable and intelligent Irish voter in the country who will not respect the Mayor all the more.

PERSONAL.

Pope Leo's jubilee has turned out even a bigger cash success than was expected. He has already received gifts valued at $19,000,000. One French church sent him $100,000. And the offerings are still pouring in.

—Adelaide Proctor's mother, the widow of Barry Cornwall, is dead, at the age of eighty-eight. Till almost the day of her death she continued conspicuous in the gayeties of London's fashionable society, and at a dinner or in the drawing-room she was able to the end to contest honors with those half a century and more her junior. She was famed for her wit and the zest of her story-telling.

—Simon Sterne, the eminent lawyer and political economist, is preparing to take the first real vacation that he has enjoyed in twenty years. He goes to Europe to spend the summer. Two years ago Mr. Sterne made a European trip at the suggestion of President Cleveland to prepare a report for governmental use on the relations of foreign railroads to the countries through which they pass, but that journey had more work than recreation in it. Mr. Sterne is one of the independents who have been identified with every sensible and honest move made in years by New York citizens for better government; and much more largely than the politicians will admit, his labors, continued through many years, were responsible for the creation of our Inter-State Railway Commission. He is to take a rest handsomely earned.

—Boston has an odd will contest. Captain Noble Maxwell died last September, leaving a will that he intended to dispose of his $2,000,000 fortune. Now a Maine nephew turns up to oppose the will's probate, on the ground that Captain Maxwell was an altogether different Maxwell from the Maxwell he thought himself, and thus made heirs of people who were not relatives, as he thought them.

—Gladstone used to be proud of a shabby old victoria in which he always drove. Now he speeds to Parliament steps with one of the finest turnouts in London.

—William Dorsey, of Milwaukee, made a bet of fifty cents that he could drink five glasses of whiskey in five seconds. He won. An hour later he was dead.

—Andrew Carnegie has leased the old family seat of Cluny Macpherson in Inverness-shire, Scotland, for next summer and autumn. It includes one of the finest of all the famous Scotch grouse moors, and Mr. Carnegie will cross the ocean amply equipped with Yankee powder and shot.

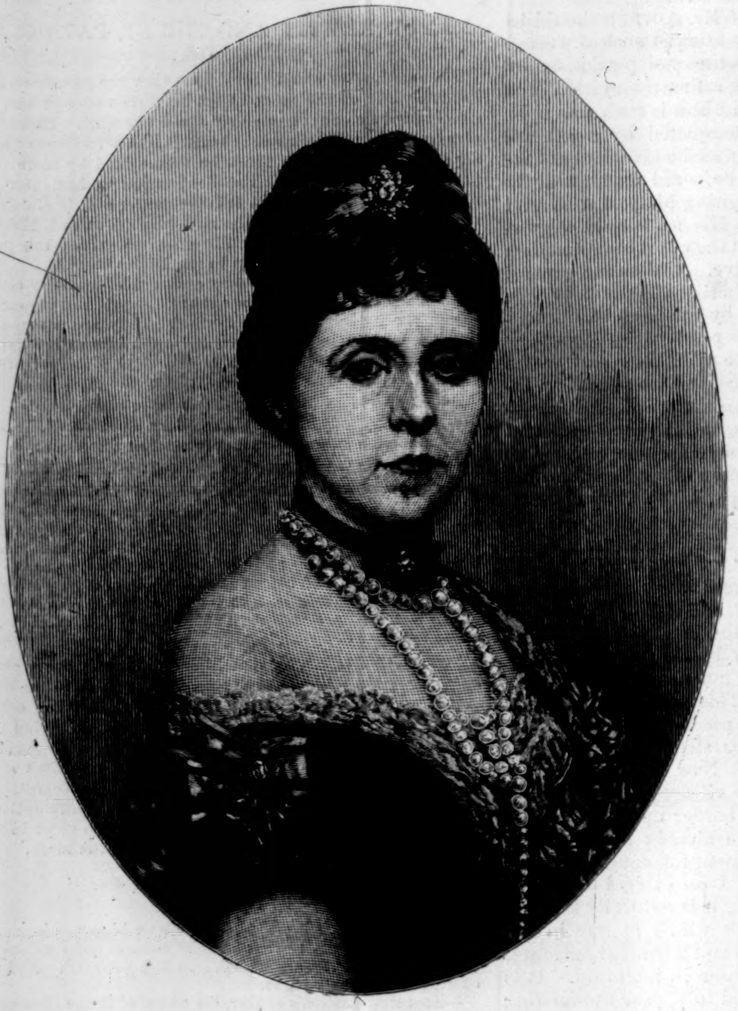
—Argonia is a Kansas town that is preaching a sermon. Argonia's people thought it a good joke to elect a woman Mayor. She has driven gamblers out of town, shut up most of the saloons, and forbidden all cow-boy jollifications. And the local politician has no longer a "pull."

—Commodore A. E. Bateman, whose steam-yacht the *Meteor* is one of the notable craft of the American Yacht Club, has been elected to membership in the New York Yacht Club, and will soon build a sailing yacht on which, it is said, he and his family, with possibly some Wall Street friends, will make a tour around the world within the next twelve months.

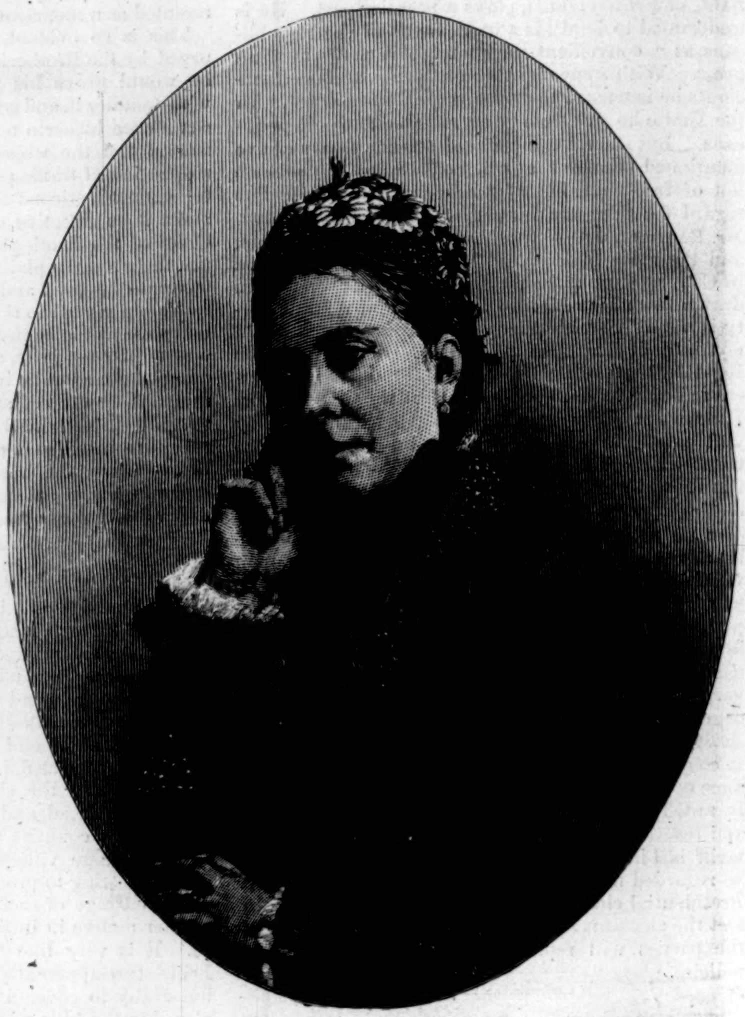
—Only a little more than a dozen years ago Adolph Ochs was a newsboy in Chattanooga. Now he owns the *Daily Times* of that city, the paper that he used to work for on a picayune salary; and in addition to controlling one of the most influential of all the journals in the South, he has accumulated a handsome fortune—all made from helping along the development of the New South. The aggressive young man of brains does have a chance in Dixie now.

—The credit of prolonging the life of the Emperor William is due in no small measure to the genius who presides over his kitchen, Émile Bernard. This distinguished *chef*, who is now over sixty years old, has held his present post since 1858. It was his custom every day to lay the *menu* before the Emperor, who would sometimes add to it, but more frequently, with the true economy of a Hohenzollern, draw a line through whole courses. Of late the *menu* is always submitted to the court physicians.

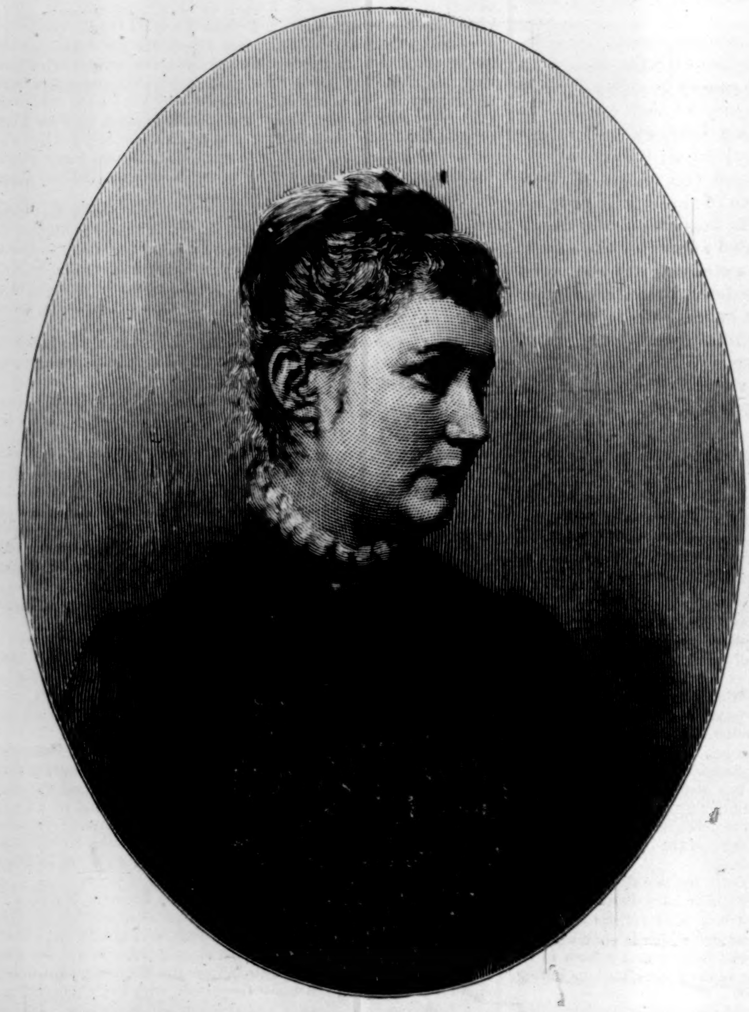
—The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field has been accused of "bowing down" to Cardinal Gibbons because he attended a reception given to the Cardinal, and met him as one gentleman is accustomed to meet another. Dr. Field is about the last man to be dazzled by the red robes of the Cardinal, but he is also quite incapable of forgetting that the robes do not in this case obscure the personality of a cultured gentleman and a faithful minister of Christ.



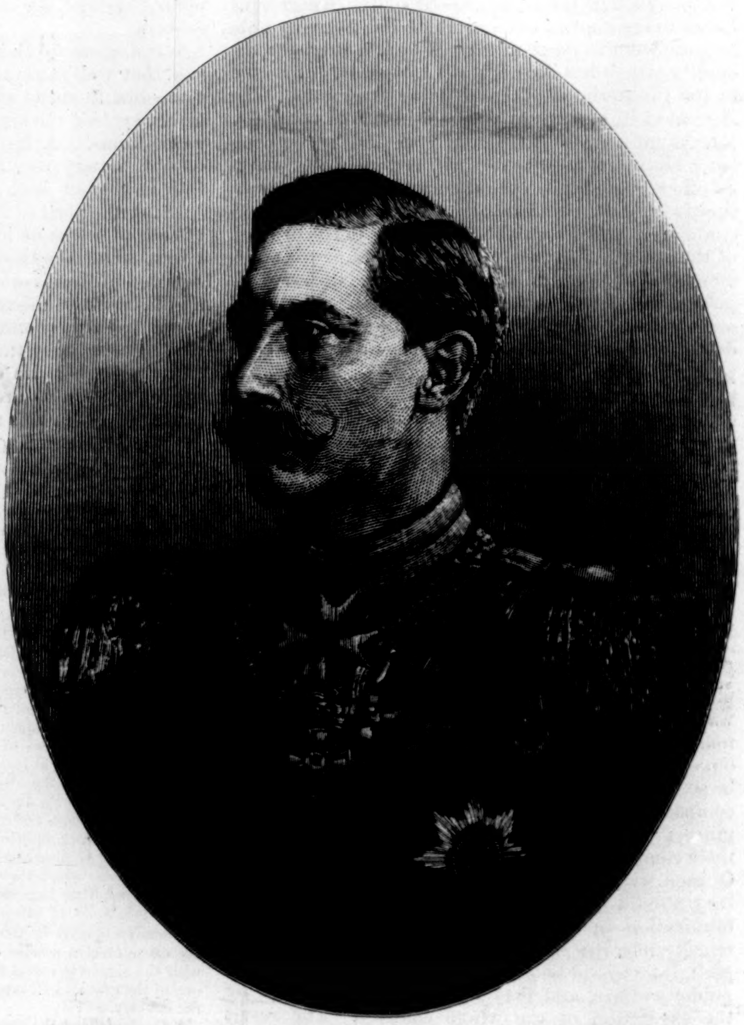
AUGUSTA, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF GERMANY.



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, WIFE OF FREDERICK III., EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

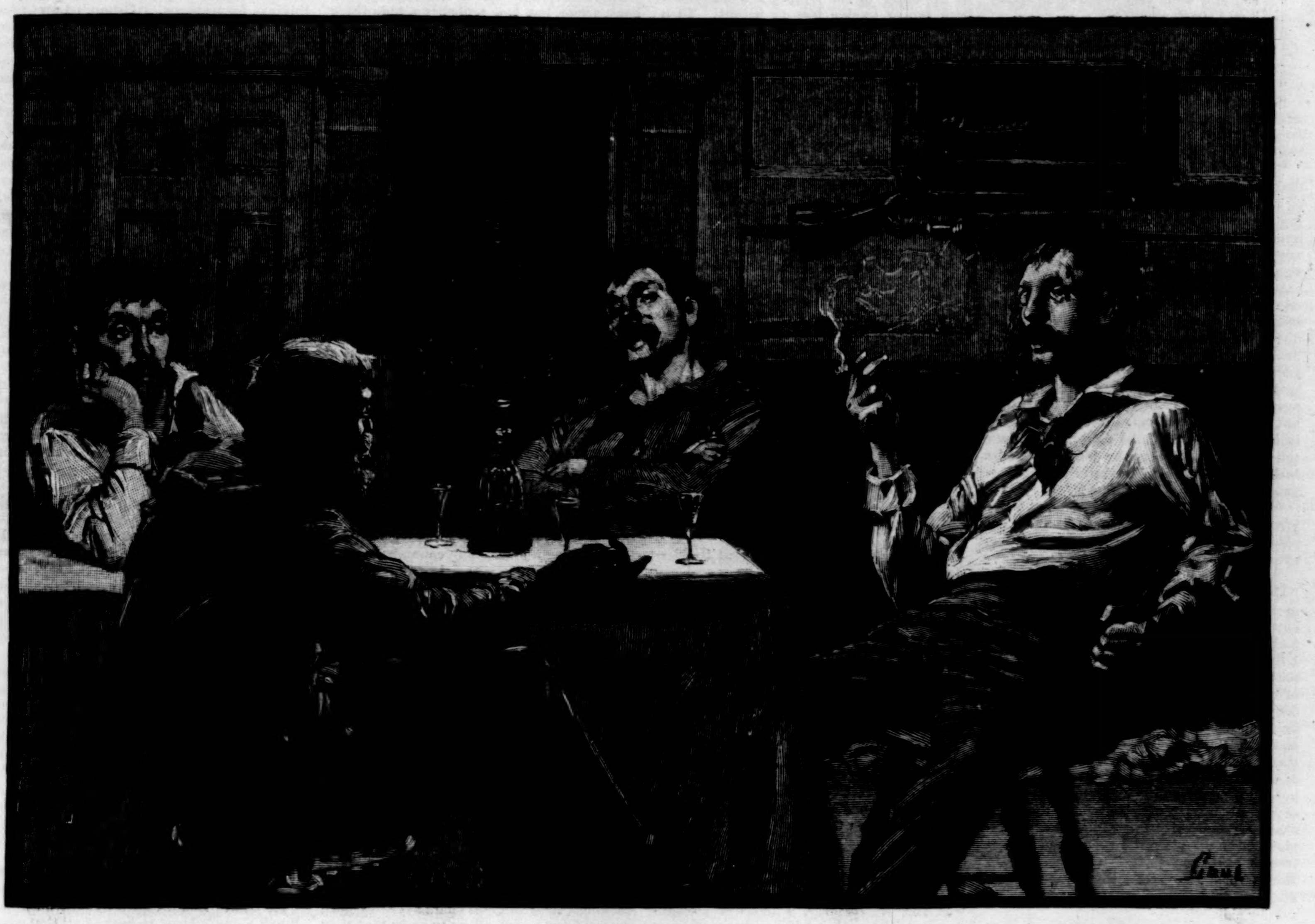


VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-AUGUSTENBURG, WIFE OF WILLIAM, CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.



WILLIAM, CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.

MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



"THE DOCTOR WAS EVIDENTLY DISCOURSING UPON A FAVORITE TOPIC."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

THE KOSEKIN.

THE love of death leads to perpetual efforts on the part of each to lay down his life for another. This is a grave difficulty in hunts and battles. Confined prisoners dare not fly, for in such an event the guards kill themselves. This leads to fresh rigors in the captivity of the prisoners in case of their recapture, for they are overwhelmed with fresh luxuries and increased splendors. Finally, if a prisoner persists and is recaptured, he is solemnly put to death, not, as with us, by way of severity, but as the last and greatest honor. Here extremes meet; and death, whether for honor or dishonor, is all the same—death—and is reserved for desperate cases. But among the Kosekin this lofty destiny is somewhat imbittered by the agonizing thought of the prisoner who thus gains it that his wretched family must be doomed, not, as with us, to poverty and want, but, on the contrary, to boundless wealth and splendor.

Among so strange a people it seemed singular to me what offences could possibly be committed which could be regarded and punished as crimes. These, however, I soon found out. Instead of robbers, the Kosekin punish the secret bestowers of their wealth on others. This is regarded as a very grave offence. Analogous to our crime of piracy is the forcible arrest of ships at sea and the transfer to them of valuables. Sometimes the Kosekin pirates give themselves up as slaves. Kidnapping, assault, highway robbery, and crimes of violence have their parallel here in cases where a strong man, meeting a weaker, forces himself upon him as his slave or compels him to take his purse. If the weaker refuses, the assailant threatens to kill himself, which act would lay the other under obligations to receive punishment from the state in the shape of gifts and honors, or at least subject him to unpleasant inquiries. Murder has its counterpart among the Kosekin in cases where one man meets another, forces money on him, and kills himself. Forgery occurs where one uses another's name so as to confer money on him.

There are many other crimes, all of which are severely punished. The worse the offence is, the better is the offender treated. Among the Kosekin capital punishment is imprisonment amid the greatest splendor, where the prisoner is treated like a king, and has many palaces and great retinues; for that which we consider the highest they regard as the lowest, and with them the chief post of honor is what we would call the lowest menial office. Of course, among such a people, any suffering from want is unknown, except when it is voluntary. The pauper class, with all their great privileges, have this restriction, that they are forced to receive enough for food and clothing. Some, indeed, manage by living in out-of-the-way places to deprive themselves of these, and have been known to die of starvation; but this is regarded as dishonorable, as taking an undue advantage of a great position, and where it can be proved, the children and relatives of the offender are severely punished according to the Kosekin fashion.

State politics here move, like individual affairs, upon the great principle of contempt for earthly things. The state is willing to destroy itself for the good of other states, but as other states are in the same position, nothing can result. In times of war the object of each army is to honor the other and benefit it by giving it the glory of defeat. The contest is thus most fierce. The Kosekin, through their passionate love of death, are terrible in battle; and when they are also animated by the desire to confer glory on their enemies by defeating them, they generally succeed in their aim. This makes them almost always victorious; and when they are not so, not a soul returns alive. Their state of mind is peculiar. If they are defeated they rejoice, since defeat is their chief glory; but if they are victorious they rejoice still more, in the benevolent thought that they have conferred upon the enemy the joy, the glory, and the honor of defeat.

Here all shrink from governing others. The highest wish of each is to serve. The Meleks and Kohens, whom I at first considered the highest, are really the lowest orders; next to these come the authors, then the merchants, then farmers, then artisans, then laborers, and, finally, the highest rank is reached in the paupers. Happy the aristocratic, the haughty, the envied paupers! The same thing is seen in their armies. The privates here are highest in rank, and the officers come next in different gradations. These officers, however, have the command and the charge of affairs as with us; yet this is consistent with their position, for here to obey is considered nobler than to command. In the fleet the rowers are the highest class; next come the fighting-men; and lowest of all are the officers. War arises from motives as peculiar as those which give rise to private feuds; as, for instance, where one nation tries to force a province upon another; where they try to make each other greater; where they try to benefit unduly each other's commerce; where one may have a smaller fleet or army than has been agreed on; or where an ambassador has been presented with gifts, or received too great honor or attention.

In such a country as this, where riches are disliked and despised, I could not imagine how people could be induced to engage in trade. This, however, was soon explained. The laborers and artisans have to perform their daily work, so as to enable the community to live and move and have its being. Their impelling motive is the high one of benefiting others most directly. They refuse anything but the very smallest pay, and insist on giving for this the utmost possible labor. Tradesmen also have to supply the community with articles of all sorts; merchants have to sail their ships to the same end—all being animated by the desire of effecting the good of others. Each one tries not to make money, but to lose it; but as the competition is sharp and universal, this is difficult, and the larger portion are unsuccessful. The purchasers are eager to pay as much as possible, and the merchants and traders grow rich in spite of their utmost endeavors. The wealthy classes go into business so as to lose money, but in this they seldom succeed. It has been calculated that only two per cent. in every community succeed in reaching the pauper class. The tendency is for all the products of the working class to be ultimately turned upon the unfortunate wealthy class. The workmen being the creators of wealth, and refusing to take adequate pay, cause a final accumulation of the wealth of the community in the hands of the mass of the non-producers, who thus are fixed in their unhappy position, and can hope for no escape except by death. The farmers till the ground, the fishermen fish, the laborers toil, and the wealth thus created is pushed from these incessantly till it all falls upon the lowest class—namely, the rich, including Athons, Meleks, and Kohens. It is a burden that is often too heavy to be borne; but there is no help for it, and the better-minded seek to cultivate resignation.

Women and men are in every respect absolutely equal, holding precisely the same offices and doing the same work. In general, however, it is observed that women are a little less fond of death than men, and a little less unwilling to receive gifts. For this reason they are very numerous among the wealthy class, and abound in the offices of administration. Women serve in the army and navy as well as men, and from their lack of ambition or energetic perseverance they are usually relegated to the lower ranks, such as officers and generals. To my mind it seemed as though the women were in all the offices of honor and dignity, but in reality it was the very opposite. The same is true in the family. The husbands insist on giving everything to the wives and doing everything for them. The wives are therefore universally the rulers of the household, while the husbands have an apparently subordinate, but, to the Kosekin, a more honorable position.

As to the religion of the Kosekin, I could make nothing of it. They believe that after death they go to what they call the world of darkness. The death that they long for leads to the darkness that they love; and the death and the darkness are eternal. Still, they persist in saying that the death and the darkness together form a state of bliss. They are eloquent about the happiness that awaits them there in the sunless land—the world of darkness; but, for my own part, it always seemed to me a state of nothingness.

CHAPTER XVII.

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

THE doctor was here interrupted by Featherstone, who with a yawn informed him that it was eleven o'clock, and that human endurance had its limits. Upon this the doctor rolled up the manuscript and put it aside for the night, after which supper was ordered.

"Well," said Featherstone, "what do you think of this last?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

"It contains some very remarkable statements," said the doctor.

"There are certainly monsters enough in it," said Melick—

> "'Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.'"

"Well, why not?" said the doctor.

"It seems to me," said Melick, "that the writer of this has peopled his world with creatures that resemble the fossil animals more than anything else."

"The so-called fossil animals," said the doctor, "may not be extinct. There are fossil specimens of animals that still have living representatives. There is no reason why many of those supposed to be extinct may not be alive now. It is well known that many very remarkable animals have become extinct within a comparatively recent period. These great birds, of which More speaks, seem to me to belong to these classes. The dodo was in existence fifty years ago, the moa about a hundred years ago. These great birds, together with others, such as the epiornis and palapteryx, have disappeared, not through the ordinary course of nature, but by the hand of man. Even in our hemisphere they may yet be found. Who can tell but that the moa or the dodo may yet be lurking somewhere in the interior of Madagascar, of Borneo, or of Papua?"

"Can you make out anything about those great birds?" asked Featherstone. "Do they resemble anything that exists now, or has ever existed?"

"Well, yes, I think so," said the doctor. "Unfortunately, More is not at all close or accurate in his descriptions; he has a decidedly unscientific mind, and so one cannot feel sure; yet from his general statements I think I can decide pretty nearly upon the nature and the scientific name of each one of his birds and animals. It is quite evident to me that most of these animals belong to races that no longer exist among us, and that this world at the South Pole has many characteristics which are like those of what is known as the Coal Period. I allude in particular to the vast forests of fern, of gigantic grasses and reeds. At the same time, the general climate and the atmosphere seem like what we may find in the tropics at present. It is evident that in More's world various epochs are represented, and that animals of different ages are living side by side."

"What do you think of the opkuk?" asked Featherstone, with a yawn.

"Well, I hardly know."

"Why, it must be a dodo, of course," said Melick, "only magnified."

"That," said the doctor, gravely, "is a thought that naturally suggests itself; but then the opkuk is certainly far larger than the dodo."

"Oh, More put on his magnifying-glasses just then."

"The dodo," continued the doctor, taking no notice of this, "in other respects corresponds with More's description of the opkuk. Clusius and Bontius give good descriptions, and there is a well-known picture of one in the British Museum. It is a massive, clumsy bird, ungraceful in its form, with heavy movements, wings too short for flight, little or no tail, and down rather than feathers. The body, according to Bontius, is as big as that of the African ostrich, but the legs are very short. It has a large head, great black eyes, long bluish-white bill, ending in a beak like that of a vulture, yellow legs, thick and short, four toes on each foot, solid, long, and armed with sharp black claws. The flesh, particularly on the breast, is fat and esculent. Now all this corresponds with More's account, except as to the size of the two, for the opkuks are as large as oxen."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Melick; "I'm determined to stand up for the dodo." With this he burst forth singing:

"Oh, the dodo once lived, but he doesn't live now;
Yet why should a cloud overshadow our brow?
The loss of that bird ne'er should trouble our brains,
For though he is gone, still our claret remains.
Sing do-do—jolly do-do!
Hurrah! in his name let our cups overflow.

"As for your definition, doctor," continued Melick, "I'll give you one worth a dozen of yours:

"'Twas a mighty bird; those strong short legs were never known to fail;
And he felt a glow of pride while thinking of that little tail;
And his beak was marked with vigor, curving like a wondrous hook;
Thick and ugly was his body—such a form as made one look!"

"Melick," said Featherstone, "you're a volatile youth. You mustn't mind him, doctor. He's a professional cynic, sceptic, and scoffer. Oxenden and I, however, are open to conviction, and want to know more about those birds and beasts. Can you make anything out of the opmahera?"

The doctor swallowed a glass of wine, and replied:

"Oh yes; there are many birds each of which may be the opmahera. There's the fossil bird of Massachusetts, of which nothing is left but the footprints; but some of these are eighteen inches in length, and show a stride of two yards. The bird belonged to the order of the *Grallæ*, and may have been ten or twelve feet in height. Then there is the *Gastornis parisiensis*, which was as tall as an ostrich, as big as an ox, and belongs to the same order as the other. Then there is the *Palapteryx*, of which remains have been found in New Zealand, which was seven or eight feet in height. But the one which to my mind is the real counterpart of the opmahera is the *Dinornis gigantea*, whose remains are also found in New Zealand. It is the largest bird known, with long legs, a long neck, and short wings, useless for flight. One specimen that has been found is upward of thirteen feet in height. There is no reason why some should not have been much taller. More compares its height to that of a giraffe. The Maoris call this bird the *Moa*, and their legends and traditions are full of mention of it. When they first came to the island, six or seven hundred years ago, they found these vast birds everywhere, and hunted them for food. To my mind the dinornis is the opmahera of More. As to riding on them, that is likely enough; for ostriches are used for this purpose, and the dinornis must be far stronger and fleeter than the ostrich. It is possible that some of these birds may still be living in the remoter parts of our hemisphere."

"What about those monsters," asked Featherstone, "that More speaks of in the sacred hunt?"

"I think," said the doctor, "that I understand pretty well what they were, and can identify them all. As the galley passed the estuary of that great river, you remember that he mentions seeing them on the shore. One may have been the *Ichthyosaurus*. This, as the name implies, is a fish-lizard. It has the head of a lizard, the snout of a dolphin, the teeth of an alligator, enormous eyes, whose membrane is strengthened by a bony frame, the vertebræ of fishes, sternum and shoulder-bones like those of the lizard, and the fins of a whale. Bayle calls it the whale of the saurians. Another may have been the *Cheirotherium*. On account of the hand-shaped marks made by its paws, Owen thinks that it was akin to the frogs; but it was a formidable monster, with head and jaws of a crocodile. Another may have been the *Teleosaurus*, which resembled our alligators. It was thirty-five feet in length. Then there was the *Hylæosaurus*, a monster twenty-five feet in length, with a cuirass of bony plates."

"But none of these corresponds with More's description of the monster that fought with the galley."

"No," said the doctor; "I am coming to that now. That monster could have been no other than the *Plesiosaurus*, one of the most wonderful animals that has ever existed. Imagine a thing with the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, the neck of a swan, the trunk and tail of a quadruped, and the fins of a whale. Imagine a whale with its head and neck consisting of a serpent, with the strength of the former and the malignant fury of the latter, and then you will have the plesiosaurus. It was an aquatic animal, yet it had to remain near or on the surface of the water, while its long, serpent-like neck enabled it to reach its prey above or below with swift, far-reaching darts. Yet it had no armor, and could not have been at all a match for the tremendous ichthyosaurus. More's account shows, however, that it was a fearful enemy for man to encounter."

"He seems to have been less formidable than that beast which they encountered in the swamp. Have you any idea what that was?"

"I think it can have been no other than the *Iguanodon*," said the doctor. "The remains of this animal show that it must have been the most gigantic of all primeval saurians. Judging from existing remains its length was not less than sixty feet, and larger ones may have existed. It stood high on its legs; the hind ones were larger than the fore. The feet were massive and armed with tremendous claws. It lived on the land and fed on herbage. It had a horny, spiky ridge all along its back. Its tail was nearly as long as its body. Its head was short, its paws enormous, furnished with teeth of a very elaborate structure, and on its muzzle it carried a curved horn. Such a beast as this might well have caused all that destruction of life on the part of his desperate assailants of which More speaks.

"Then there was another animal," continued the doctor, who was evidently discoursing upon a favorite topic. "It was the one that came suddenly upon More while he was resting with Almah after his flight with the runaway bird. That I take to be the *Megalosaurus*. This animal was a monster of tremendous size and strength. Cuvier thought that it might have been seventy feet in length. It was carnivorous, and therefore more ferocious than the iguanodon, and more ready to attack. Its head was like that of a crocodile, its body massive like that of an elephant, yet larger; its tail was small, and it stood high on its legs, so that it could run with great speed. It was not covered with bony armor, but had probably a hide thick enough to serve the purpose of shell or bone. Its teeth were constructed so as to cut with their edges, and the movement of the jaws produced the combined effect of knife and saw, while their inward curve rendered impossible the escape of prey that had once been caught. It probably frequented the river-banks, where it fed upon reptiles of smaller size, which inhabited the same places.

"More," continued the doctor, "is too general in his descriptions. He has not a scientific mind, and he gives but few data; yet I can bring before myself very easily all the scenes which he describes, particularly that one in which the megalosaurus approaches, and he rushes to mount the dinornis so as to escape. I see that river, with its trees and shrubs, all unknown now except in museums—the vegetation of the Coal Period—the lepidodendron, the lepidostrobus, the pecopteris, the neuropteris, the lonchopteris, the odontopteris, the sphenopteris, the cyclopteris, the sigillaria viniformis, the sphenophyllum, the calamites—"

Melick started to his feet.

"There, there!" he cried, "hold hard, doctor. Talking of calamities, what greater calamity can there be than such a torrent of unknown words? Talk English, doctor, and we shall be able to appreciate you; but to make your jokes, your conundrums, and your brilliant witticisms in a foreign language isn't fair to us, and does no credit either to your head or your heart."

The doctor elevated his eyebrows, and took no notice of Melick's ill-timed levity.

"All these stories of strange animals," said Oxenden, "may be very interesting, doctor, but I must say that I am far more struck by the account of the people themselves. I wonder whether they are an aboriginal race, or descendants of the same stock from which we came?"

"I should say," remarked the doctor, confidently, "that they are, beyond a doubt, an aboriginal and autochthonous race."

"I differ from you altogether," said Oxenden, calmly.

"Oh," said the doctor, "there can be no doubt about it. Their complexion, small stature, and peculiar eyes—their love of darkness, their singular characteristics, both physical and moral, all go to show that they can have no connection with the races in our part of the earth."

"Their peculiar eyes," said Oxenden, "are no doubt produced by dwelling in caves for many generations."

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "it is their peculiarity of eye that makes them dwell in caves."

"You are mistaking the cause for the effect, doctor."

"Not at all; it is you who are making that mistake."

"It's the old debate," said Melick. "As the poet has it:

"'Which was first, the egg or the hen?
Tell me, I pray, ye learned men.'"

"There are the eyeless fishes of the great cave of Kentucky," said Oxenden, "whose eyes have become extinct from living in the dark."

"No," cried the doctor; "the fish that have arisen in that lake have never needed eyes, and have never had them."

Oxenden laughed.

"Well," said he, "I'll discuss the question with you on different grounds altogether, and I will show clearly that these men, these bearded men, must belong to a stock that is nearly related to our own, or at least that they belong to a race of men with whom we are all very familiar."

"I should like very much to have you try it," said the doctor.

"Very well," said Oxenden. "In the first place, I take their language."

"Their language!"

"Yes. More has given us very many words in their language. Now he himself says that these words had an Arabic sound. He was slightly acquainted with that language. What will you say if I tell you that these words are still more like Hebrew?"

"Hebrew!" exclaimed the doctor, in amazement.

"Yes, Hebrew," said Oxenden. "They are all very much like Hebrew words, and the difference is not greater than that which exists between the words of any two languages of the Aryan family."

"Oh, if you come to philology, I'll throw up the sponge," said the doctor. "Yet I should like to hear what you have to say on that point."

"The languages of the Aryan family," said Oxenden, "have the same general characteristics, and in all of them the differences that exist in their most common words are subject to the action of a regular law. The action of this law is best seen in the changes which take place in the mutes. These changes are indicated in a summary and comprehensive way by means of what is called 'Grimm's Law.' Take Latin and English, for instance. 'Grimm's Law' tells us, among other things, that in Latin and in that part of English which is of Teutonic origin a large number of words are essentially the same, and differ merely in certain phonetic changes. Take the word 'father.' In Latin, as also in Greek, it is 'pater.' Now the Latin 'p' in English becomes 'f;' that is, the thin mute becomes the aspirated mute. The same change may be seen in the Latin 'piscis,' which in English is 'fish,' and the Greek 'πυρ,' which in English is 'fire.' Again, if the Latin or Greek word begins with an aspirate, the English word begins with a medial; thus the Latin 'f' is found responsive to the English 'b,' as in Latin 'fagus,' English 'beech,' Latin 'fero', English 'bear.' Again, if the Latin or Greek has the medial, the English has the thin, as in Latin 'duo,' English 'two,' Latin 'genu,' English 'knee.' Now I find that in many of the words which More mentions this same 'Grimm's Law' will apply; and I am inclined to think that if they were spelled with perfect accuracy they would show the same relation between the Kosekin language and the Hebrew that there is between the Saxon English and the Latin."

The doctor gave a heavy sigh.

"You're out of my depth, Oxenden," said he. "I'm nothing of a philologist."

"By Jove!" said Featherstone, "I like this. This is equal to your list of the plants of the Coal Period, doctor. But I say, Oxenden, while you are about it, why don't you give us a little dose of Anglo-Saxon and Sanscrit? By Jove! the fellow has Bopp by heart, and yet he expects us to argue with him!"

"I have it!" cried Melick. "The Kosekin are the lost Ten Tribes. Oxenden is feeling his way to that. He is going to make them out to be all Hebrew; and then, of course, the only conclusion will be that they are the Ten Tribes, who after a life of strange vicissitudes have pulled up at the South Pole. It's a wonder More didn't think of that—or the writer of this yarn, whoever he may be. Well, for my part, I always took a deep interest in the lost Ten Tribes, and thought them a fine body of men."

"Don't think they've got much of the Jew about them," said Featherstone, languidly. "They hate riches and all that, you know. Break a Jew's heart to hear of all that property wasted, and money going a-begging. Not a bad idea, though, that of theirs about money. Too much money's a howwid baw, by Jove!"

"Well," continued Oxenden, calmly resuming, and taking no notice of these interruptions, "I can give you word after word that More has mentioned which corresponds to a kindred Hebrew word in accordance with 'Grimm's Law.' For instance, Kosekin 'Op,' Hebrew 'Oph;' Kosekin 'Athon,' Hebrew 'Adon;' Kosekin 'Salon,' Hebrew 'Shalom!' They are more like Hebrew than Arabic, just as Anglo-Saxon words are more like Latin or Greek than Sanscrit."

"Hurrah!" cried Melick, "we've got him to Sanscrit at last! Now, Oxenden, my boy, trot out the 'Hetopadesa,' the 'Megha Dhuta,' the 'Rig Veda.' Quote 'Beowulf' and 'Caedmon.' Give us a little Zeno, and wind up with 'Lalla Rookh' in modern Persian."

"So I conclude," said Oxenden, calmly, ignoring Melick, "that the Kosekin are a Semitic people. Their complexion and their beards show them to be akin to the Caucasian race, and their language proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that they belong to the Semitic branch of that race. It is impossible for an autochthonous people to have such a language."

"But how," cried the doctor—"how in the name of wonder did they get to the South Pole?"

"Easily enough," interrupted Melick—"Shem landed there from Noah's ark, and left some of his children to colonize the country. That's as plain as a pikestaff. I think, on the whole, that this idea is better than the other one about the Ten Tribes. At any rate they are both mine, and I warn all present to keep their hands off them, for on my return I intend to take out a copyright."

"There's another thing," continued Oxenden, "which is of immense importance, and that is their habit of cave-dwelling. I am inclined to think that they resorted to cave-dwelling at first from some hereditary instinct or other, and that their eyes and their whole morals have become affected by this mode of life. Now, as to ornamented caverns, we have many examples—caverns adorned with a splendor fully equal to anything among the Kosekin. There are in India the great Behar caves, the splendid Karli temple with its magnificent sculptures and imposing architecture, and the cavern-temples of Elephanta; there are the subterranean works in Egypt, the temple of Dendera in particular; in Petra we have the case of an entire city excavated from the rocky mountains; yet, after all, these do not bear upon the point in question, for they are isolated cases; and even Petra, though it contained a city, did not contain a nation. But there is a case, and one which is well known, that bears directly upon this question, and gives us the connecting link between the Kosekin and their Semitic brethren in the northern hemisphere."

"What is that?" asked the doctor.

"The Troglodytes," said Oxenden with impressive solemnity.

"Well, and what do you make out of the Troglodytes?"

"I will explain," said Oxenden. "The name Troglodytes is given to various tribes of men, but those best known and celebrated under this name once inhabited the shores of the Red Sea, both on the Arabian and the Egyptian side. They belonged to the Arabian race, and were consequently a Semitic people. Mark that, for it is a point of the utmost importance. Now, these Troglodytes all lived in caverns, which were formed partly by art and partly by nature, although art must have had most to do with the construction of such vast subterranean works. They lived in great communities in caverns, and they had long tunnels passing from one community to another. Here also they kept their cattle. Some of these people have survived even to our own age; for Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, saw them in Nubia.

"The earliest writer who mentions the Troglodytes was Agatharcides, of Cnidos. According to him they were chiefly herdsmen. Their food was the flesh of cattle, and their drink a mixture of milk and blood. They dressed in the skins of cattle; they tattooed their bodies. They were very swift of foot, and were able to run down wild beasts in the hunt. They were also greatly given to robbery, and caravans passing to and fro had to guard against them.

"One feature in their character has to my mind a strange significance, and that is their feelings with regard to death. It was not the Kosekin love of death, yet it was something which must certainly be considered as approximating to it. For Agatharcides says that in their burials they were accustomed to fasten the corpse to a stake, and then gathering round, to pelt it with stones amid shouts of laughter and wild merriment. They also used to strangle the old and infirm, so as to deliver them from the evils of life. These Troglodytes, then, were a nation of cave-dwellers, loving the dark—not exactly loving death, yet at any rate regarding it with merriment and pleasure; and so I cannot help seeing a connection between them and the Kosekin."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but how did they get to the South Pole?"

"That," said Oxenden, "is a question which I do not feel bound to answer."

"Oh, it is easy enough to answer that," said Melick. "They, of course, dug through the earth."

Oxenden gave a groan.

"I think I'll turn in for the night," said he, rising. Upon this the others rose also and followed his example.

On the following morning the calm still continued. None of the party rose until very late, and then over the breakfast-table they discussed the manuscript once more, each from his own point of view, Melick still asserting a contemptuous scepticism—Oxenden and the doctor giving reasons for their faith, and Featherstone listening without saying much on either side.

At length it was proposed to resume the reading of the manuscript, which task would now devolve upon Oxenden. They adjourned to the deck, where all disposed themselves in easy attitudes to listen to the continuation of More's narrative.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRONSON ALCOTT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

In the death of the venerable A. Bronson Alcott and his daughter, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the literary and reading world has met with losses at once singular and pathetic. On Sunday, March 4th, the father died in Boston, and on Tuesday, the 6th, the day of his funeral, the daughter passed away at the Highlands, a few miles distant from Boston. Miss Alcott had driven into town on the previous Saturday to see her father in his last illness, and had taken a severe cold, which developed into spinal meningitis. Although her death occurred two days later than her father's, she died in ignorance of that fatality. For several months past Miss Alcott had been suffering from nervous prostration, but she had been told that after a year of rest she would be likely to live twenty years longer in health. "I do not want so many," she said, "and I have no idea I shall see them." This declaration was written on Saturday, March 3d. At the same time she said of her father, "I shall be glad when the dear old man falls asleep after his long and innocent life." These are probably the last words Miss Alcott ever wrote.

Bronson Alcott was born on a farm in Wolcott, Connecticut, on November 29, 1799. Like many other boys, he worked hard in summer, in order that he might go to school in winter. He early cultivated a taste for reading, and was known to walk ten miles to borrow a book. One of his earliest occupations was that of peddler of small Connecticut wares in the South. He was afterward for six or seven years a school-master in Boston, and by the methods he employed he created an impression in that town. From Boston he went to Concord, where he was already known, and the welcome accorded him was cordial, Emerson taking practical interest in his removal. This was back in the thirties. Except for one brief interval Concord remained thenceforth Mr. Alcott's home. His first published writings appeared in the pages of the *Dial*, edited by Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and the organ of the Transcendentalists. His published writings, however, are not numerous. Indeed, he was not fond of writing for publication. He craved companionship more than solitude, and thus it was rather as a talker that he gained distinction. The books he has published begin their dates with 1865, when he was already an old man, and this first book, a small one on Emerson, he issued privately. Three years later appeared his *Tablets*, then in 1872 his *Concord Days*, in 1877 his *Table Talk*, and in 1881 his *Sonnets and Canzonets*. He was known to be a devoted diarist for the most of his life, and he has left behind him a stately row of volumes thus filled with his own hand. Between him and Emerson there was always a close intellectual sympathy. The writings of the two men reveal this so strongly that Alcott, who published later than Emerson, has at times seemed to be a borrower from his neighbor. It has been held, however, that Alcott had more right to claim originality than Emerson, since he had all his life talked and preached the ideas found in his books. Emerson often acknowledged his indebtedness to Alcott. One of Alcott's favorite doctrines was the doctrine of existence in a former state, which has been set forth by Wordsworth in a celebrated ode. He was much possessed by this belief. Some one once asked him where he "picked up such ideas," and he answered in a characteristic way, "My friend, I didn't; they *picked* me up." It is curious that the last thing Mr. Alcott wrote before his illness was an ode on Immortality.

The famous daughter of this celebrated man was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1833, which makes her considerably older than her readers probably thought her to be. Her mother was a sister of the Rev. Samuel J. May, the antislavery reformer. At the age of two years she went to Boston with her parents, and by her father she was educated at his school there and at the home in Concord. Thoreau also instructed her, and she went to one private school. For a time Miss Alcott taught school herself, but she soon abandoned this work to become a writer of stories for periodicals. During the war she acted as a nurse in a hospital at Georgetown, and her *Hospital Sketches* were the literary results of this service. Her most famous work, *Little Women*, was published a few years after the war. The characters in it are her sisters and herself in their home at Concord. So great was the success of it that in 1871, when *Little Men* was announced, the advance orders are said to have called for 50,000 copies. *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag* was published in 1872, *Jack and Jill* in 1880, and *Jo's Boys*, a sequel to *Little Men*, in 1886. Many thousands of copies of all these works have been sold.

One of the remarkable stories of authors and publishers has been related of *Little Women*. She was inclined to sell it outright for $1000, but was prevailed upon by her publishers to take a royalty on each copy sold instead. From this method Miss Alcott has been able to receive the $1000 a great many times over. Her total earnings from all her copyrights have been estimated as high as $100,000.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Senator Allison is one of the safe men of the Republican party. He is without passion, prejudice, or very strong friendships. He has not made the mistake, so common of recent years, of allying himself to a faction. He is not weak, nor a trimmer, nor a man of undecided views. It is not for any one of these qualities that he fails to make enemies; it is because he is never carried away by the passions of the moment, but is so moved and dominated by his judgment that the public men who know him and have been associated with him realize that his action is always the result of his matured opinion.

Mr. Allison has been in public life for many years. He was born in Ohio in 1829, and was fifty-nine years old on the 2d of the present month. He was educated at the Western Reserve College, and practised law in his native State until 1857. Then he went further West to Iowa, which is now, so far as regards quickness and ease of communication, nearer the Atlantic seaboard than Ohio was in 1829 or 1857. He began his public career when the war broke out as a member of the staff of the Governor, and his first task was to aid in the organization of the volunteer regiments that were destined to serve in the war of the rebellion. He was sent to Congress while the war was going on, and has been Representative and Senator from that time to the present, except between 1871 and 1873, when he declined an election, so that he has participated in all the legislation that has been enacted during and since the great conflict. He has done his full share in it all, and his impress is on the statutes which have framed and modified our fiscal and banking systems, our methods of taxation, as it was on the laws which gave to Mr. Lincoln the power to put down the rebellion, and which readjusted their relations to the Union of the once insurrectionary States. His biography is narrated in a very few lines in the *Congressional Directory*, but it is part of the history of the times in which he has lived, and these times have been both interesting and important. Through them Mr. Allison has accurately represented the sentiments and opinions of his section of the country and of his party. During the war he did the duties imposed upon him with the calmness and caution that have always characterized him. He was one of the few Congressmen who were depended upon by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to devise ways and means for raising the money that was needed for the support of the government. After the war he continued to be a radical Republican, always acting with his party, opposed to Johnson, and a believer in the reconstruction measures which were intended to revolutionize the political complexion of the conquered South, and to make the freedman a citizen and a voter. During the last two Republican administrations Mr. Allison quietly performed the public duties that were intrusted to him, and took no part in the violent criticisms of Mr. Hayes nor in the stormy quarrels between the factions that soon came to be known as half-breeds and stalwarts.

There are very few men who have been so long in public life as Mr. Allison who are so scrupulously devoted to their work. Men like him are oftener found in the British Parliament, where tenure of place is more secure. Practically, Mr. Allison's tenure has been as strong as theirs, and his familiarity with the business of legislation is as accurate and thorough as that of the Under-Secretaries of the British cabinet. This is especially true of his acquaintance with fiscal matters. On his first entrance into Congressional life he came to the front in the consideration of all questions affecting the Treasury, the banks, and taxation. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives very early, if we take into consideration the very large majority which his party had in Congress at the time, and the number of able men in both Houses. The reputation that he then made for himself for accurate information and sound judgment has not been lost. He has not been tempted, as many men are, to endeavor to shine in the discussion of other questions. He has been content to be easily the first authority on all bills relating to expenditures. Some of his short speeches have indicated that he might have been a leading debater on questions of Constitutional law and on taxation and bank policy. So far as the last two subjects are concerned, he has been prominent, and there are very few public men of his party whose opinions on all fiscal matters are more respected than Mr. Allison's; but of recent years he has been Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and none but the most reckless undertake to question his statements of fact concerning the expenditures of the government. As Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, he has been of very important service to the cause of sound administration. He is a wise economist. What this means may be best judged when we consider the efforts and achievements of the politicians who seek to make political capital by cutting down expenditures. It means judicious liberality as opposed to an extravagant saving, which necessitates large expenditures in the future to compensate for the waste and loss occasioned by the cutting down of appropriations merely to force a reduction of the aggregate. The modern deficiency bill, which fifteen years ago was not known in all its possibilities, and the urgency bill, which has only recently become one of the appropriation bills to be reckoned with at every session of Congress, would not exist, or would involve inconsiderable amounts of money, if Mr. Allison's views about the regular and stated bills always prevailed. The chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee knows what each branch of the public service needs for its proper maintenance, and is willing to take the responsibility of advocating its appropriation. The spirit in which he performs this vital public function is directly opposed to that which moves very many members of Congress, who do not appreciate their responsibilities, to refuse appropriations, and thus lower the aggregate, when the refusal will not attract public attention and arouse popular protest. Not many years ago the member of the House committee who had charge of the diplomatic appropriation bill refused to allow the Secretary of State any money for postage or cable charges, and thus threatened to cut off the State Department from all correspondence with our representatives in foreign countries. This incident illustrates the tendency and attitude of certain persons who seek to figure before the country as savers of the people's money, and who have wider reputations as economists than Mr. Allison; but Mr. Allison is neither sordid nor extravagant. He does not advocate loose and unguarded expenditure, and he is always desirous that every department and division of the government shall have all that it needs. It is not exaggerating to say that when he is ready to sign a report of his committee on an appropriation bill he knows as much of the requirements of the objects for which the proposed expenditures are to be made as the executive officer who is at the head of the department. And in all the years during which he has acted in his present capacity there has not been a whisper injuriously affecting his reputation.

Mr. Allison's influence on general legislation has been felt because he insists on having a reason for his votes. He is largely—most largely, perhaps—influenced by the feeling and opinions of his section of the country. This has made him an advocate of lower rates of tariff duties, and a consistent friend of the land-grant railroads. In 1870, after he had declined a re-election to the House of Representatives, and just before he was chosen to be Senator Harlan's successor, he took a very prominent part in the debate on Mr. Schenck's tariff bill. In the course of a speech on that measure, he said: "The tariff of 1846, although confessedly and professedly a tariff for revenue, was, so far as regards all the great interests of the country, as perfect a tariff as any that we have ever had."

Perhaps the following extract from the same speech will best illustrate his tariff views of that time: "Our policy should be so to cheapen manufactured products that we can revive our export trade, now swept away because we cannot compete with other nations in the markets of the world. If we could restore what we have lost, and in addition greatly enlarge our exportations of manufactures, we would then have an enlarged home market for our agricultural products in a concentrated form, in exchange for other commodities which we do not and cannot produce."

He is really the author of the existing silver law, although he did not bring forward and advocate the measure as an original proposition. As the Bland bill passed the House of Representatives it was a free coinage measure, and the Senate Finance Committee was equally divided for and against it, Mr. Allison neither approving nor opposing it. Some silver legislation was inevitable, and Mr. Allison suggested the measure which was adopted. He is a bimetallist, but not of the Bland kind, and the law as it stands to-day ought to bear Mr. Allison's rather than Mr. Bland's name. The measure was probably the most conservative that could have been adopted at the time it became a law.

Mr. Allison's friendship for the land-grant roads, which came into existence during the beginning of his service in the House, was shown by his opposition to the Thurman act. There was no question as to the sincerity of his position, however. He voted and spoke against the bill because he believed that it would be injurious to the interests of the roads which had done very much for the building up of the material interests of his State.

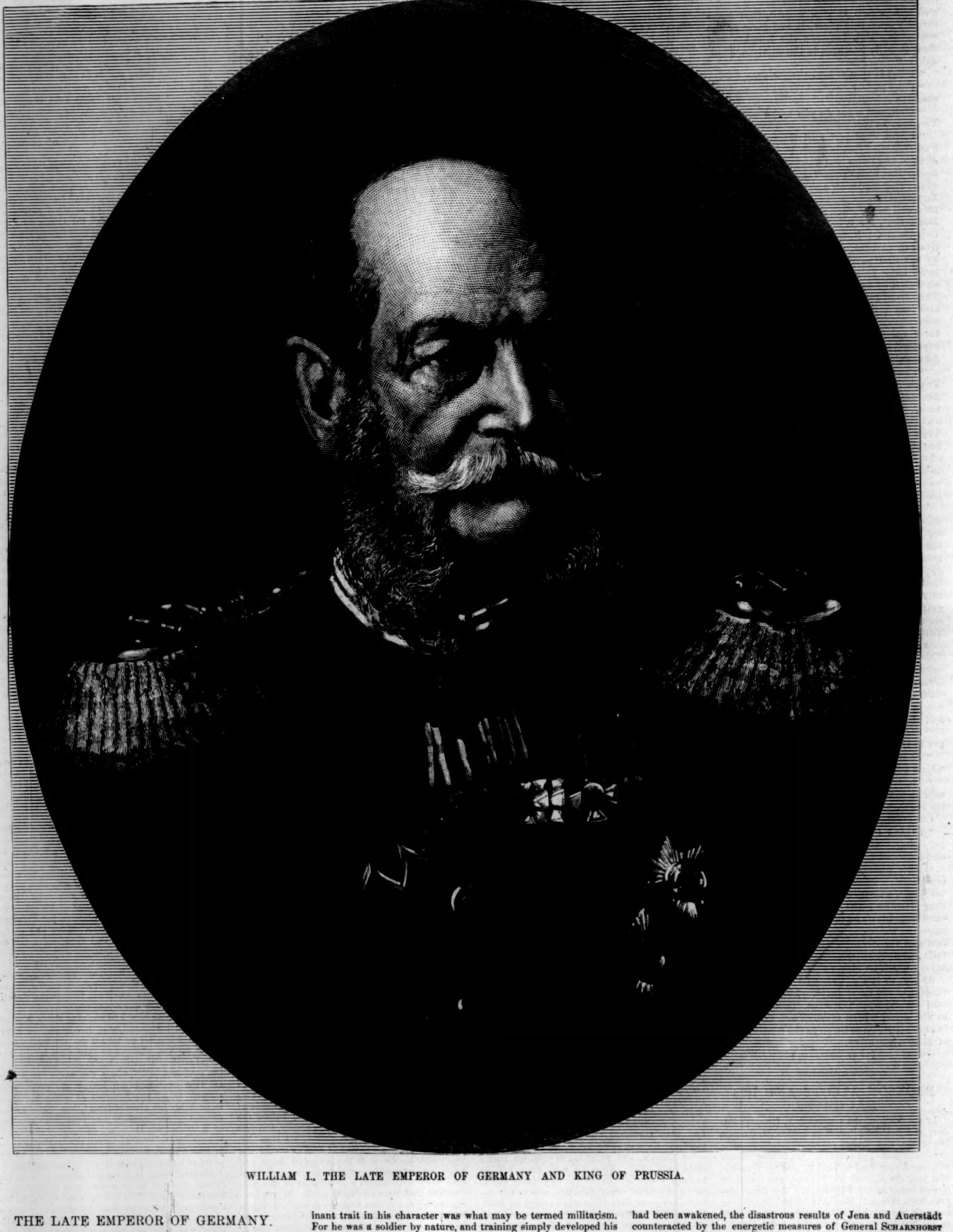
For the rest he has always been a strong friend of the national bank system, and the Treasury has leaned upon him as one of its wisest and most influential friends in Congress. It is one of his excellent traits that he never deals with the public business in a partisan spirit. As a legislator he is pre-eminently a man of affairs. He manages the subjects intrusted to him with the view of doing the best that is possible for the government. It is because he is determined to do the best that is in his power that he confines himself so closely to one class of subjects. He is not brilliant. He does not address the galleries nor the country, and while his speeches are not works of art, they are very earnest, and very interesting and informing to those who desire to obtain a thorough knowledge of the question under discussion. Perhaps the most popular speech that he ever made in Congress was that on the tariff, from which excerpts have been given. His argument on the silver question was full of learning. The part he has taken in the political debates which have been made in the Senate, especially those of the special session in 1879, when both Houses of Congress were controlled by the Democrats, and when there was a bitter conflict between them and President Hayes, has been that of a questioner and suggester; and in that way he has had more influence upon legislation than many a Senator whose appearance upon the floor has furnished entertainment for the idlers of the capital.

It is true that he has not filled any executive office, but it is also true that his Republican colleagues regard him as a man of exceptional executive capacity. When Mr. Garfield was elected President, Mr. Allison might have been Secretary of the Treasury. There was then a general consensus of opinion that, next to Mr. Sherman, he was the best equipped of his party for that office. The relations between the President and himself were very close. They had served together in the House, and they had acted together on almost every question of public policy, with the exception, perhaps, of that involved in the silver bill. Mr. Garfield was desirous that the Iowa Senator should be his finance minister, but the latter was unwilling to quit the Senate, and Mr. Windom was appointed.

In the interesting and exciting times that followed the inauguration of his friend, he never permitted himself to turn from the duties with which he was charged to take part in the factional strife. He was consulted by both sides, in the confident belief, which was never disappointed, that he would not betray the councils of either. Of all the Senators of to-day Mr. Hale is probably his nearest friend, but that does not mean that Mr. Allison has espoused the cause of Mr. Blaine. He is too thoroughly devoted to the public business to permit party politics to interfere with it, and too strongly devoted to his party to do anything to divide it into factions.

He is as quiet in his social life as he is in the Senate, and yet he is a man who loves society. For many years, while Mrs. Allison was alive, his comfortable house on Vermont Avenue was one of the social centres of the capital. His hospitality was generous, but not profuse. He is a kindly, agreeable man, an excellent listener, and a general favorite. His fortune is ample, his tastes are refined, and those who know him best like him most. He has a repose and restfulness which make him a pleasant comrade, and many a nervous man finds great comfort from smoking a cigar with him, even if he doesn't say a word.

He has a sturdy frame and a fine face. He comes from strong Scotch-Irish stock. His ancestors settled in Pennsylvania, where his father was born in 1798. His early days were passed on a farm, and when he began his professional and public life he had the vigor which has kept him young, for his sixty years sit as lightly upon him as many another man's fifty. His portrait will be found on our front page, as the first of a gallery of pictures of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.



WILLIAM I., THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

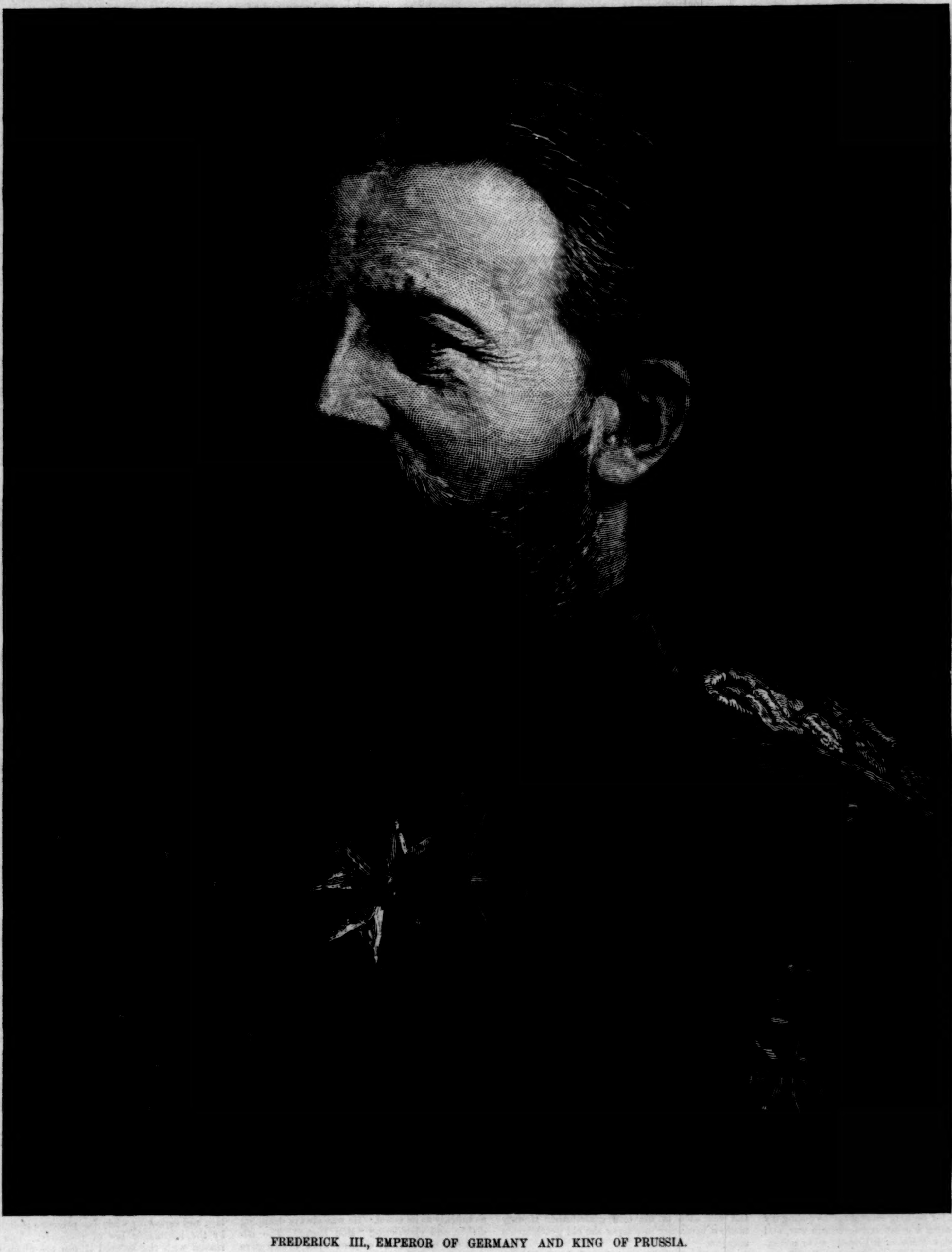
THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

William I. (Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig von Hohenzollern), seventh King of Prussia and first German Emperor, was born March 22, 1797, in the palace of the Crown-Prince, Unter den Linden, Berlin. It was a few months before the death of his grandfather, Frederick William II., and his father's succession to the throne as Frederick William III. His mother was the beautiful and accomplished Louise, daughter of the then reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He was the second among four sons—Princes Frederick William, William, Albert, and Charles. He had three sisters—Princesses Charlotte, Alexandrine, and Louise. The second, now the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is the only surviving member of the family.

During the reigns of his father and his elder brother his career was exclusively military. Never dreaming that he would one day mount the throne, and believing that to serve in the army was "the best way in which a Prussian prince could fulfil his duty to his king and country," he took up the profession of arms from childhood with whole-souled devotion. The predominant trait in his character was what may be termed militarism. For he was a soldier by nature, and training simply developed his soldierly qualities. Some of the lustre of former victories still rested upon the Prussian arms, so that the idea that he was a recruit in the army of the great Frederick fired his boyish imagination when, with his brother, the Crown-Prince, and his cousin, Prince Frederick, he began drilling under old Sergeant Bennstein. His German biographers fondly insist that of the three lads he alone had the true military step and bearing. As a reward for his zeal in these exercises, the King, on Christmas Eve, 1803, presented him with his first uniform, and when the delighted child had been attired in it, conducted him into the presence of the Queen in the great drawing-room of the palace. Three years later, at Königsberg, he received his first commission as a New-Year's gift from his father, and thus entered the service to which he belonged for considerably more than three-quarters of a century.

The year 1814 came before he saw active service in the field. A great change had meanwhile been wrought in the fortunes of Prussia. The national consciousness of the oppressed kingdom had been awakened, the disastrous results of Jena and Auerstädt counteracted by the energetic measures of General Scharnhorst and Ministers Stein and Hardenberg. A new army, thoroughly equipped and drilled, had for some time stood ready to seize the first opportunity for throwing off the French yoke; and when Napoleon's resources were wellnigh exhausted in the fruitless Russian campaign, popular feeling had forced the hesitating King to join in an alliance with the Czar against the French Emperor. The War of Emancipation, as it was called, had begun, the battle of Leipsic been fought, and now the allied armies were operating upon the Rhine. At the sanguinary encounter at Bar-sur-Aube the gallantry of Prince William won for him the Iron Cross from his father, and the Order of St. George (Fourth Class) from the Czar.

Our portrait of the Emperor as he appeared when approaching the close of his life, represents him wearing about his neck the Iron Cross, the order "*Pour le Mérite*," and the Grand Chain of the Black Eagle (the highest Prussian decoration), and upon his breast, among many other medals and orders, the Iron Cross of the Napoleonic wars and the Grand Crosses of the Red Eagle. Of them all, however, the two which he never laid aside, and which he cherished



FREDERICK III., EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

with greatest pride, were the Iron Cross and the Order of St. George, won by the brave young subaltern at Bar-sur-Aube. The War of Emancipation closed with a triumphal entry into Paris, in which Prince William participated.

He was now a Major, having been promoted to that rank for distinguished conduct in action. After the battle of Waterloo, in which, however, he did not take part, he again entered Paris with the allied armies. During the years of peace which followed he was rapidly promoted, and on his twenty-eighth birthday attained the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1829 he married Augusta, daughter of the then reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and took up his residence in the palace in which he breathed his last.

Frederick William IV. ascended the throne in 1840, and one of the first acts of the new sovereign was to decree that henceforth his brother and heir should be known as "Prince of Prussia." In the same year he promoted him to the rank of full General. Prince William continued to devote his entire attention to the army, the supervision of which was left in his hands by the King. After the troubled period of 1848 he withdrew from all share in political events, until, in 1857, owing to the serious illness of his brother, he was summoned to represent him in the government. In 1858 he was declared Regent.

When, upon the death of Frederick William IV., he became (January 2, 1861) the King of Prussia, he was nearly sixty-four years of age. He had arrived at that point in life when even the strongest men think rather of the past than of the future, and the circumstances surrounding his newly mounted throne were not such as to promise glory, or even security, to its occupant. Prussia was still agitated by the sentiments and aspirations aroused by the national movement in 1848, and the Liberals regarded the new King as their implacable foe. For his avowed opinions and his public acts consistently announced his position. He had been engaged in the suppression of a popular uprising in Baden—his only conspicuous public service up to that time—and had done his work with a firm and even cruel hand. It was readily to be seen that as a ruler he would be nothing if not absolute, and at his coronation he abruptly took the crown, and placed it on his head with his own hands, announcing that he accepted it as "from God." This was not the view of kingly authority that was held by the majority of the then voters of Prussia, and on the very threshold of his reign William was called to face a hostile majority in the popular branch of the legislature. When he dissolved the Chamber and appealed to his people, the response was a majority greater and more hostile than before, which refused firmly and repeatedly the taxes he required for the strengthening of the army, for the construction of a navy, and for the extension of the military defences of the kingdom. In its beginnings the struggle was like that of the English Parliament with King Charles, but the Cromwell of Germany—the man of vast conceptions and iron will, in whom burned intensely the national spirit, guided by the rare genius for rule—was not with the parliament, but with the King. The scaffold on which Strafford preceded Charles was distinctly seen in the distance by Bismarck, and had they failed, both he and his royal master would have ascended it with unfaltering courage. But they were not to fail. Bismarck was not more unlike the minister of Charles than was William I. unlike the English King. With the Prussian monarch belief in his divine right was ingrained, and against all assailants of it he "held his life at a pin's fee"; but he accepted it with its responsibilities as well as its privileges. The crown he took "from God" he was prepared to account for. Pure and simple in his personal life as the humblest pastor of his kingdom, as laborious as though toiling for his daily bread, loving his people ardently while ruling them rudely, he conscientiously used the power that he assumed.

The reign which commenced so stormily was destined to end in singular splendor. Bismarck, called to the head of the ministry, proceeded to find employment for the military power which should justify to the minds of the people the extraordinary means which had been used to develop it. His first step was to weave more closely the bond of union between the King and his nephew, the Czar Alexander II., by the offer of aid in suppressing the Polish insurrection. This was a defiance thrown in the teeth of the Liberals of Prussia, but it appealed at once to the fervent family feeling of the King, and to his fixed hatred of revolution. It did more, for it announced to Europe that a new combination had been formed, which menaced the "balance of power" and evaded the jurisdiction of a congress; and it paved the way to the war for the dismemberment of Denmark, in which the reorganized army gave the first proof of its excellence. This was followed by the war for the expulsion of Austria from the German Confederation, in which the army, under the eye of the King, and led in part by the Crown-Prince, opened in a brief campaign the road to Vienna, and made of William I. the ruler of an extended realm, the President of the North German Confederation, and the Commander-in-chief of its united armies. The end had crowned the work.

Of the exact measure of the King's part in these extraordinary events it is impossible as yet to judge accurately. It is certain that he regarded the war with Austria at first with great repugnance. He is reported to have said, when it was first discussed, that it would be "fratricidal," as it was. There is even a note of the Queen Augusta in which she declares to the Emperor of Austria that she had the word of honor of her royal spouse that no treaty existed with Italy—a condition precedent in Bismarck's plans—and it is certain that the King looked upon the Italian alliance with great dislike. To him Victor Emmanuel was an upstart, as well as a usurper; but at the moment when his Queen denied the existence of the treaty, the King had already signed it, and whatever scruples he had against the "fratricidal" war, of which he had spoken "with tears in his eyes," Bismarck had overcome. It is probable that in the double nature with which even kings are endowed the warrior silenced the legitimist, and the tears of fraternal sensibility were quickly dried when he saw Benedek's veterans scattered helplessly by the army of the Oder, under the lead of the Prince Royal.

But the war with Austria, startling as was its rapid course, and stupendous as were its ultimate consequences, was only the prelude to the great drama upon which the King, now counting his "threescore years and ten," had entered. Prussia, at the head of the North German Confederation, with a highly trained army of a half-million of men, and a reserve force still larger, was a power with which the Emperor of the French, the self-appointed arbiter of Europe, must make his account. In the dark and mysterious negotiations which followed Sadowa, Napoleon III. failed to secure a peaceful settlement of his claim to a share in the domination of the continent. Led by the wily Bismarck to commit himself to the most preposterous projects, he saw his policy abruptly and contemptuously dismissed as a *politique de pourboire*, and his prestige abroad, with his security at home, gravely menaced. War with Prussia was his only resource, and he was forced to enter upon it as the aggressor. Here again King William had many misgivings, and the despatches of the unfortunate Benedetti, the French Ambassador at Berlin, are full of reports of the strong anxiety which he expressed—sometimes in the most pathetic manner—to avoid further bloodshed. But here also his scruples were borne down by the art and the energy of his minister. M. Benedetti, with his singular impertinence, played into Bismarck's hand by his demand that the King should give his personal pledge that no prince of the House of Hohenzollern should ever be placed on the Spanish throne. The insulting proposition fired the blood of the King, and when he left Berlin to join his armies on the French frontier, it was in a temper to "make his enemy 'ware of him." This was the 28th of July, 1870. On the 3d of September he addressed a despatch to the Queen from near Sedan. "Thou knowest now," he wrote, "by my three telegrams, the full extent of the historic events which have come to pass. It is like a dream, even to one who has seen them unroll before his view. When I think that I could have looked for nothing more glorious during my reign, even after a great and fortunate war, and yet that to-day I see such historic facts accomplished, I bow before God, who alone has chosen us—me, my army, and my allies—to do that which has been done, and has made us the instruments of His will." Six months passed. The King of Prussia had become the Emperor of Germany. France had drunk to the dregs the chalice which Napoleon III. would have pressed to the lips of Prussia. Alsace and Lorraine had been wrested from her grasp. The terrible indemnity had been submitted to. Again William invokes the divine name. In a despatch to his nephew, the Czar Alexander, February 26, 1871, he exclaims, "It is with unspeakable feeling, and rendering thanks to God, that I announce to you that the preliminaries of peace have just been signed."

These despatches are characteristic of the man. He believes himself the instrument of the God in whose name he placed the crown of Prussia on his head. His piety is as sincere, as confident, and as fierce as that of the warrior psalmist of Israel. And there are emotional phases in his strong nature not ill-expressed by the tender portions of the Psalms. His affections were intense and fervid. His heart, in its ordinary mood, was of the kindest. But once kindled by insult, or resolved by ambition, his spirit was fiery and implacable. In his purely civil career it is probable that the famous *Kulturkampf*, the warfare upon the ultramontane policy of the Roman Church, was at once the most characteristic and the most important feature. It appealed to his religious feeling, to his pride as ruler, and to his combativeness. It is not likely that he cared very much for the general rights of conscience or freedom of thought and speech denied by the Papacy. What he resented was the interference with his authority, and the denunciation of the ideas which he held sacred. During the later years of his reign he so far yielded to Bismarck's need of support from the Church party as to undertake in person an attempt at reconciliation with the See of Rome. But though he wrote or signed epistles of pronounced amiability, he never made the shadow of a real concession as to the authority of the German government.

The Emperor was twice the object of attempts upon his life. From the first attack, in May, 1878, he escaped unhurt, but on the 2d of June, in the same year, the young fanatic Nobiling inflicted wounds which for the time were dangerous. Three years later the Emperor's nephew, Alexander, Czar of Russia, was killed by an assassin. These events saddened and somewhat embittered the spirit of the Emperor, and the closing years of his reign were marked by very severe measures against the Socialists, which, however, rather concentrated and intensified their revolutionary purpose. A more extended account of his reign is contained in the biography of the Emperor which was recently published in an extra number of "Harper's Franklin Square Library."

The Crown-Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles, who succeeds his father as Frederick III., was born October 18, 1831. He is an accomplished soldier. His training in the profession of arms, carried out with a thoroughness traditional in the house of Hohenzollern, has been tested in the wars with Austria and France. But he is also a well-read student of science and history, and has inclined, as princes royal in absolutist families are apt to incline, toward liberal ideas. If he survives, he promises to complete the work of establishing the unity of the German people upon the basis of really representative institutions—a work for which the late Emperor was unfitted. The character of the Crown-Prince William, now twenty-nine years of age, resembles that of the late Emperor at a corresponding stage of development.

PRINCE'S PORTRAIT.

I.

Every Bostonian knows Henry Prince. Ask any member of the Cuneiform Club how Prince stands with his fellows, and you will hear quite a rapturous eulogy. "Harry Prince! Why, he's the heartiest, smartest, whitest man amongst us. Get a hand-grip from him, and you've the strongest hold upon civilization." Perhaps the civilization of the Cuneiform Club comprehends chiefly light literature and games of chance; but Prince's hand at poker is generally regarded as a credit to human progress. His popularity is a little surprising, considering the nature of his professional duties. He is Assistant Secretary of the Boston Thermometer Department, which is designed to enable the party in office to annoy their opponents with atmospheric disturbances and spasms of the temperature. For instance, if the Republicans are in power, in the winter they scatter blizzards wherever the Democrats seem to be gaining formidable head. Naturally this office is held to be the main-stay of party government, and every change of administration is promptly signalized by a ferocious onslaught of the elements upon the vanquished. Strange as it may appear, Henry Prince has remained Assistant Secretary in spite of the whirligigs of political fortune. Other officials come and go with the ebb and flow of the party tide, but there has never been any serious attempt to oust him from his post. Such is the general faith in his integrity that he is always counted upon by a new chief to execute the most unsparing orders against his recent associates, though they may be his oldest friends. He has been known to wreck a wedding party with a cyclone at the very door of the church when the bridegroom happened to be his most intimate college chum. No wonder they are proud of him at the Cuneiform, where it is a common saying that Harry Prince would ice the door-step of his own grandfather if duty made it necessary to temper the old gentleman's energies.

About a year ago a member of the Cuneiform conceived the idea of painting Prince's portrait. He had some reputation as a painter of still-life, and had earned the sobriquet of "Cold Cod" for a picture of that delectable fish which now hangs in the club dining-room. The work is so life-like that a short-sighted waiter is reported to have placed it on the table on one occasion, accompanied by shrimp sauce. This success stimulated the artist to paint a striking subject which he called "The Lovelorn Oyster." It was a moving picture, and inspired one of the club poets to celebrate the woes of the desolate mollusk in a touching strain.

In spite of this renown, Prince was surprised by the proposal of his friend.

"Isn't this rather ambitious, Cod?" said he. "You have never painted a portrait before."

"No reason why I shouldn't begin," returned the other. "It would be a capital turn for me if I made a hit with your portrait, for you're such a popular fellow. I would take immense pains, and work like anything. You know me."

"Excellent well; you're a fish-monger," said Prince, laughing; "but not a Holl nor a Sargent, I'm afraid."

Nevertheless the picture was begun, and "Cold Cod" kept his word about hard work. The sittings were so numerous and prolonged, and the anxiety of the artist so exhausting, that Prince was both bored and embarrassed. It was very soon known that "Cold Cod" was engaged in a great and novel enterprise, and there was no lack of suggestions as to the most effective treatment of the theme. A favorite jest at the Cuneiform was the assumption that Prince was being painted as the impersonation of "rude Boreas," and that the portrait would be inscribed with the line,

> "He rides the blizzard and directs the storm."

The most daring wags of the club drew caricatures supposed to be "Cold Cod's" sketches for his masterpiece. One of these represented Prince as a thermometer, with the mercury below zero, pursuing a forlorn wire-puller, who had a terrible cold in the head, while a figure, intended to be Prince's official chief, called out, "Don't be in a hurry, or the temperature will rise."

These pleasantries would not have disturbed Prince but for one singular and alarming circumstance. The harder "Cold Cod" worked, the less grew the likeness of his canvas to the original. Prince observed with wonder and uneasiness day by day that the portrait was becoming a totally different person. There was his complexion, a gentle auburn, and his beard, and the color of his eyes and hair, and yet this was not the mild and genial Harry Prince, but a determined, not to say aggressive, being, with a glitter in his eye, and an air which seemed to say, "You shall walk the plank." This impression became so strong upon Prince that he called in one or two of his cronies, who looked at the picture and then at him, and laughed outright.

"Why, it's Kidd," they cried; "Captain Kidd. You're the pirate Prince Harry. Tell us where you buried the boodle."

Prince smiled faintly, and the artist gazed ruefully at his work.

"It's very strange," he said. "I can see the expression is a little wild, and I've tried hard to alter it, but I cannot."

"This is the result of trying your prentice hand on man," suggested one of the party. "Your fish are life-like; your man is a myth."

"It is what Prince might have been in the antediluvian period, wielding the thigh-bone of an ichthyosaurus," said another.

"That will do," said Prince, abruptly. "The fact is, the picture isn't in the least like me. What's to be done, Cod?"

They were standing away from the portrait, while the artist struggled with his obstinate creation, trying to soften it with some civilizing touches. Then he stepped back to the group, and there was a general groan.

"It's worse than ever!" And strangely enough there was a deeper and more sinister look in the face than it had worn before, and even a dash of mockery.

"It's no use," said the painter, in deep dejection. "I thought you were the easiest man to paint, and you're the very—"

"If I looked like that I would be," interrupted Prince.

Utter disappointment as it was, there was the picture. Prince could not harden his heart to tell poor Cod to keep it in the studio with its face to the wall. It represented too great a discomfiture for the hapless artist's ambition, so, with a great effort of magnanimity, Harry carried it off to his chambers in Charles Street, and with much misgiving hung it on the wall opposite the fire-place. It was late one evening when he finished this uninspiring job, and as the gas was not lighted it may have been a sudden gleam from the wood fire which produced such a hideous grin in the picture that Prince started back, and hurriedly struck a match, with that shiver we often have in the dark, when only the prosaic blaze from the chandelier can banish phantoms and calm our nerves.

"You're a queer one, whoever you are," was Prince's involuntary exclamation; and he had reason to remember this tribute to the personality of his painted guest.

II.

From the moment the portrait was hung a curious fatality seemed to have found its way into Prince's bachelor quarters. It began with the janitor. He was a Frenchman, an excellent cook, alert and deft in all his movements. But now he became restless, nervous, and flurried. His cooking was uncertain, and at times positively bad. He never entered the room without trembling, and left it as quickly as he could. He was always dropping dishes, and ejaculating "Mon Dieu!" The climax was reached one evening when Prince gave a dinner, and the company were startled beyond measure by the atrocious quality of the viands and the eccentric behavior of Martel, who vanished as often as possible, and gibbered like a monkey whenever he was addressed.

"The man must be mad," said Prince. "I'll talk to him in the morning."

He slept on this resolution, and was awakened by a heavy fall and a strange cry. Rushing into the sitting-room, he found that the picture had fallen, and underneath it, palsied with terror, lay the janitor.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter with you, Martel?" asked Prince, as soon as he had put the Frenchman on his legs. "How did this happen?"

"He is ze devil!" said the other, in a frightened whisper. "I tell him just now. I say, 'You are ze devil,' and he rush at me and knock me down."

"Nonsense, man. What folly is this? What has come over you lately? Last night you behaved disgracefully, and for some time past you have not been yourself. This will never do. What absurd craze has got hold of you?"

"I tell you it is ze devil," insisted Martel, wiping his brow, and trying to pick up the fragments of a teacup. "Every time I come into ze room he shake ze head at me. His eye follow me everywhere. I say to him ze first day, 'You call yourself ze portrait of Monsieur Prince, and you look like ze brigand. Bah!' And he shake ze head and grind ze teeth. Mon Dieu!"

It was absurd to make any concession to a hallucination like this; so Prince restored the picture to its place, and told the Frenchman he was an old fool. Yet the incident troubled him, and for a while he took his meals at the club, so as to keep Martel and this mysterious portrait as much as possible apart. His friends remarked the change, and there were affectionate inquiries, such as "How's Kidd, Prince?" and "Don't you think if you called it 'Dead Kidd, by Cold Cod,' and put it into a gallery by itself, you would draw the town?"

A week or two later a stranger incident happened. Prince received a letter from a relative he had never seen, Mr. Jacob Prince, who had lived many years in Europe, and had the reputation of considerable wealth. He seemed to have awakened suddenly to the existence of his nephew and that young man's spiritual welfare, for the letter, which was written from New York, stated that the writer would be in Boston in a few days, and though it mentioned no date, was very precise in moral exhortation. "I hope to find you," wrote Uncle Jacob, "a pattern of gravity and sobriety, such as rarely shines amongst young men of the present day. Life is a burden to be borne with an upright mind and frugal habits." There was much more in the same strain, which puzzled the nephew not a little; but he reflected that it would be worth while to make an excellent impression on this elderly moralist, even at the cost of a few sermons.

It was not ordained, however, that they should meet and exchange the observations of virtue, for on returning home one evening Prince was startled to learn that a visitor of dignified aspect had come and gone in a singular manner.

"Did he leave a card? Was it my uncle?" demanded Prince.

"Your oncle!" said Martel. "I have not ze card of your oncle, but I have ze handkerchief of ze old monsieur."

There was no doubt about the identity of the stranger. The handkerchief bore the initials "J. P.," and was embroidered with the legend, "Waste not, want not," which might have been Uncle Jacob's safeguard against extravagant dealings with his laundress.

"He come, and say he vould vait for you. I show him into your room, and he say ze carpet is too fine and ze arm-chair too soft. He point all around, and ask how much, and write in a little book, and make noise *comme ça*"—here Martel produced a sort of gurgling sigh—"till I think he is a burglar."

"Broker, you mean," said Prince, who was beginning to feel that his uncle's abrupt departure was some compensation for his economic curiosity.

"'Who gave him ze picture?' he say. I vant to tell him it is ze devil, but I am too sly." Here Prince could not help smiling at Martel's idea of discretion. "I say it was not given, for it is ze portrait of Monsieur Henri. Mon Dieu! how he jump! I laugh up ze back of my coat. Then I leave him, and listen at ze bottom of ze stair, and in one, two minute somebody sing and laugh big, and ze old monsieur rush down looking very fright; and I call loud, 'You have drop ze mouchoir,' but he never stop, and run up ze street like one shoot."

This narrative was astounding, but there was no reason to doubt its substantial accuracy, and the only thing was to await some explanation from Uncle Jacob. A week passed without a word; then Prince went to New York, only to find that his singular relative had sailed for Europe two days before.

III.

A few days afterward a sudden fear fell on him. He had invited two ladies to lunch, and as much depended on this visit, he was anxious that there should be no mishaps to mar the success of the day. For the course of true love had been running smooth, contrary to its custom, and Edith Heatherley was coming with her mother to sit at his table, and make a shy approach to a felicity from which he hoped that before long mamma would be eliminated.

The old proverb that two's company and three's none is never more directly exemplified than when the third person is your prospective mother-in-law, and especially when her presence is dictated by the inexorable law of propriety. You can reason with the beloved if you are alone with her, and you can make her see the essential justice of things as they appear to you without the bewildering gloss of maternal prejudice. Even if you have an inexplicable picture you can persuade the adored that it is part of the vindictive fate of which you are the victim. But the maternal mind has lost its romance, and looks at everything through the jaundiced medium of narrow and irritating prose. Prince thought it prudent, therefore, to take down his portrait and hide it in his bedroom, rashly assuming that when out of sight it could not play him any tricks.

Mrs. Heatherley arrived with her daughter and her dog. Prince had hoped this offensive little brute would be left at home, for his relations with Sappho (which was its idiotic name) were a good deal strained. Sappho regarded everybody except its mistress and Edith with a malevolent eye. The most familiar guest could never enter Mrs. Heatherley's drawing-room without dreading that as he made his best bow Sappho would emerge from ambush and seize him by the calf.

Most decorous people had been known to utter strange ejaculations in this dilemma, and it was a saying at the Cuneiform that Mrs. Heatherley's dog was the ultimate test of the Christian spirit.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Heatherley. Good-morning—"

Prince was about to address his idol by her Christian name for the first time in her mother's presence. He hesitated for a second, and Sappho resented this indecision of character by taking a large mouthful of trousers and tugging viciously.

"Dear Sappho is so candid," remarked Mrs. Heatherley, serenely. "She never disguises her feelings; but she has a good heart, though her manners are a little brusque."

"A good fellow—at bottom, I dare say," gasped Prince, who was still struggling with this canine candor.

"Mamma, do speak to Sappho," said Miss Heatherley, laudably anxious to save one of Prince's legs from prolonged captivity under the table.

"Sappho is not a fellow," said her mother, with an air of mild reproof. "I often think, Mr. Prince, that uniformity of manners is a great drawback to our culture. Now, if some of us were like Sappho—"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the tormented host. Then, with a final rally, he escaped from the disciplinarian, who continued to growl, probably at the quality of the sampled cloth.

"I beg your pardon," said Prince, wiping his brow. "Now Sappho is peacefully lunching, I think we may indulge in a few oysters," he added, with a weak smile.

They sat down to the table, and Mrs. Heatherley surveyed the room through one of those double eye-glasses which seem to be designed to illustrate the sublimity of feminine inquisitiveness.

"Where is the picture?" she inquired. Prince was staggered by the question.

"The portrait," said Edith; "your portrait we have heard so much about."

"I always like to judge a man by his portrait," observed the other lady. "It often reveals a good deal that he usually manages to hide."

This was pleasant. If Mrs. Heatherley saw the picture, what revelation would she not find in it, especially if aided by the demon by which it seemed to be possessed?

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you," said Prince, uneasily; "but the fact is, it has gone—gone to—gone to be cleaned."

"What! already?" said this terrible woman. "I thought it was only finished the other day?"

"Yes—but it—it fell down—and—and—"

At this awkward point there was a tremendous noise in the next room, where Sappho was barking violently. Prince started out of his chair with a frightful apprehension.

"There must be somebody there," said Mrs. Heatherley.

"Nobody, I assure you," said Prince, hastily, with a painfully guilty look.

"There *is* some one there, Mr. Prince," said the lady, with cold precision, "or Sappho would not bark like that."

"I swear to you there is not a soul," cried Prince, in despair. "Why doesn't Martel bring the soup? Where the—I beg your pardon—what can he be about? Do you think Sappho would like an oyster—I mean a bone? She lives chiefly on veal, doesn't she?"

"Why should my dog eat veal, Mr. Prince?"

"Because of her fondness for calves. Ha! ha! Excuse the joke—after lunch, you know. But you haven't had any yet. Where on earth is Martel?"

Here the janitor, looking as pale as the host, arrived with the soup. Just then a sound like a laugh, or rather a prolonged chuckle, was distinctly audible through Sappho's ravings. Martel uttered a cry, and deposited a considerable quantity of hot liquid in Miss Heatherley's lap.

"Clumsy fool!—My darling, forgive me!—See what's the matter with the dog, you idiot!—Spoilt that lovely dress, too. Never mind, dear, you shall have twenty for it when we're— Why don't you open the dog—the wine, I mean?—Mrs. Heatherley, let me give you some lobster salad; goes capitally with champagne. I remember once at a picnic—first time I saw you, Edith—Don't stand there, man, with your mouth open, like an ossified crocodile!—I remember a frog got into the lobster salad, and everybody screamed except you, Edith; you were as brave as possible—Takes after you, Mrs. Heatherley, in self-possession; wonderful faculty some women have for keeping their heads—and then we found the frog was one of Miss Smithson's rubbers. Martel, *will* you go and see what's the matter with that frog—dog?"

The unfortunate janitor tottered to the bedroom door, gave a wild yell, and fled. Both ladies rose hastily.

"What *does* it all mean?" demanded Miss Heatherley, with a distressed air.

"My dearest, I don't know. The dog must be mad," said the unlucky Prince.

"It is a pity some people are not as sensible as Sappho, and as straightforward," retorted Mrs. Heatherley. "Come, Edith."

"For Heaven's sake, look in the room, and see for yourself that nobody is there!" cried Prince.

"No, thank you. We would not for worlds disturb such a very peculiar guest."

They made for the door, and the dog, still barking furiously, rushed after them, receiving, as it passed Prince, a vicious kick, which sent it yelping down the staircase. With this very partial satisfaction, the young man sank bewildered into a chair.

IV.

There was only one thing to be done now—to have it out with the picture. First he hung it in its place, carefully adjusting it to the hair's-breadth of an angle; then he made it a bow, and seating himself across a chair, said, "Now perhaps you will tell me what you mean by all this?"

A slight whistle came from the portrait, and a husky voice replied: "You're a cool hand, after all. You ain't afraid?"

"Not a bit. You can't frighten me as you did the old Frenchman down-stairs."

"Curse him!" growled the portrait. "Why, lad, I've roasted hundreds of Frenchmen in their jackets; and when this frog-eating son of a sea cook made grimaces at me, I wanted to have the liver out of him!" Here followed a volley of oaths too awful to repeat.

"Then you drove away my uncle Jacob," continued Prince. "What had he done to you?"

"Was that your uncle? That sanctimonious old broomstick! Lord, Harry! he took me for your picture, and snuffled something about the wickedness of spending money; so I gave him a stave of an old sea song." Here the voice sang a verse of this exciting ditty, of which it need only be said that it was a little too strong for modern taste.

"Your uncle, eh? Ho! ho!" said the portrait, when the melody was over. "He's like the parson I strung up by the thumbs, and made to read his own burial service. Glad to see all our family haven't come down as low as that. Why, lad, if you'd sailed with me under the Black Roger, I'd have made a man of you."

"*Our* family! What do you mean?"

"The Princes, my boy. I'm Captain Henry Prince—Blazing Harry, as they used to call me, because I put a ship's crew on a raft, lashed them to the timbers, tarred them all over, set them ablaze, and sent them into Cartagena Harbor. Lord, how they did sputter!" The portrait chuckled at this agreeable reminiscence.

"You were a buccaneer, then?"

"Ay, lad; the boldest of them all. They were merry times on that sloop of mine. With sixteen men I took a French man-o'-war. You should have seen the parley-voo captain when I carried him out of his bunk like a child, and made him swallow sixty-three bullets to help him to sink! And the first lieutenant climbed up the mizzen, and went mad with fright. When we got him down, he jabbered and chattered so that I had him painted brown, and sold him in Jamaica as a monkey."

"And you're the ghost of Captain Henry Prince?"

"Ay, ay, boy! You must have read all about Blazing Harry." There was a slight pause, and then the voice, in an anxious tone, said, "Don't tell me they've forgotten poor old Blazing Harry."

"I know all about the pirates, and I never heard of you," said Prince, firmly.

"Not even the story of the raft?"

"Not a syllable."

"Nor the monkey? Haven't you overlooked the monkey?" This very wistfully.

"I never heard your name, and, to be quite frank with you, I don't believe a word you say."

There was a silence, broken only by a sound which might have been the clearing of a spectral throat.

"This is hard," said the portrait at last, very mournfully; "after all the years I've spent trying to find a member of the family who would be proud of the Black Roger and the old stock. When I burned that raft I said to myself, 'Posterity will glory in this.' And you're my posterity, my own flesh and blood, and you don't believe me. It's damnable!" Here came the volley of oaths again, in much the same order as before.

"Were you with Davis?" inquired Prince.

"Davis! Do you mean to tell me they've remembered Davis?"

"Distinctly."

"And this is history!" The portrait groaned in deep disgust.

"But to come to the point. Do you know what you have done to me? You get yourself painted by some infernal hocus-pocus as my portrait; you frighten away a rich and kindly disposed uncle, and by your confounded prank of this morning you have made me lose, perhaps forever, the girl I love."

"Can't you hoist the Black Roger, and carry her off in the lugger?"

"Don't be a fool," retorted Prince, impatiently. "We are much too civilized for luggers. But what, in the name of sense, put this idea of the picture into your head, if you have a head?"

"Why, lad, I found you were going to be painted, and I said, 'Here's a chance for giving the world a portrait of Blazing Harry.' So your friend saw me all the time he was painting you, though he didn't know it. The old sea-dog knows a trick or two yet." There was a prolonged chuckle after this, and then the voice added: "Besides, you've got a portrait of a grand old ancestor you ought to be proud of. Mighty poor likeness, though, confound it!"

"And do you suppose I'm going to keep you, you disreputable old impostor?" shouted Prince, in a rage.

"Get rid of me if you dare, and I'll plague the life out of everybody who sees me," roared the portrait, with some choice expletives. "I'll raise so much hair in this town that you'll be afraid to look a man in the face."

Prince snatched up a table-knife.

"What! You'd slash me into strips, would you? Do it, you crazy young jackanapes, do it, and I'll give you such brimstone day and night that you'll go on your knees and beg for mercy!"

It was not an idle threat, as Prince saw in a moment. "Very well," he said; "but you can't expect me to tell everybody your infamous yarn. I can't exhibit you as my ancestor, Captain Henry Prince, pirate and murderer, who died—"

"Fighting like a lion, with sixteen wounds, and none behind," interrupted the portrait.

"More likely at the end of a rope, I should say. My family pride is not quite robust enough for that."

"Give me my name, and call me what you please, then. But I insist on one thing."

"What is that?"

"You must take me out of these cursed clothes of yours. They make me look like a rascally land-lubber."

"Order any costume you fancy."

"Sky-blue waistcoat and red breeches were always my taste. I went into action, sir, in white silk stockings and ruffles, and I won the heart of a Spanish captain's wife just by the way I used an embroidered handkerchief. When he walked the plank before her eyes, she never shed a tear."

"You shall have them all," said Prince.

"And in anything you say of me, lad, pitch it as strong as you can."

Prince made no answer, and presently he heard the voice, as if at a distance, half gruff, half plaintive:

"And throw in the parson—or the monkey!"

V.

"Cold Cod" was a good deal astonished when he received this second commission, but he resumed his subject with great relish, and produced an ocean hero of most resplendent aspect. When the picture was hung again, Prince gave a dinner to the artist in his rooms, and proposed his ancestor's health in feeling terms.

"It was by an extraordinary intuition," he said, "that my friend was able to reproduce my distinguished relative instead of me. I do not pretend to account for so singular a transmission of face. It is sufficient to say that those features correspond exactly to a description of Captain Henry Prince in the archives of my family. What was he? A wag at my elbow says, 'A regular dude of the quarter-deck;' and certainly the skill of our friend Cod in suggesting the smoke of distant battle on the stormy main in the left-hand corner of the portrait shows that my ancestor did some service to the state. As far as I can make out from the family traditions, he was a kind of Paul Jones in the war of Independence, and, like that patriot, was by his enemies stigmatized as a pirate. His taste in dress, you see, was somewhat florid, but his courage was undaunted, and his deeds of daring, as related to me by his ghost—a most affable spirit—are much too full-bodied for a sickly time like ours. I will add only this, that if he could be with us in the flesh now, he would drink us all under the table."

After this the company toasted the portrait with the utmost gravity; some of them declared they distinctly saw it wink. The affair was regarded by most of Prince's friends as a jest designed to illustrate his democratic indifference to pride of ancestry. What story he distilled into Miss Heatherley's ear I do not know; but, to judge by appearances, he has outmanœuvred Sappho.

L. F. Austin.

MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

The new bridge across the Harlem River from Tenth Avenue to Aqueduct Avenue, at 181st Street, is approaching completion, and will be open to public use before the end of the coming year. Its extreme length is 2375 feet; its breadth, 80 feet; the height of the roadway above the water, 153 feet; the clear height of the arches in the river span above high-water, 133½ feet. This last exceeds what will be required when the pending improvement of the Harlem shall have made the latter a great highway of commerce between the North and East rivers. Its height in the clear is within two or three feet of that of the Brooklyn Bridge, and exceeds that of High Bridge.

The general plan of construction is made sufficiently obvious to the eye by the illustrations published in this issue of the Weekly. There are two principal and seven smaller arches, the latter being of masonry, and the two river spans of steel. Six of the masonry arches are semi-circular, of 60 feet radius each, while the seventh is a seven-centered arch thrown over Boscobel Avenue, which latter thoroughfare will be duly laid out by the Park Department. The two steel arches are each of 510 feet span, with 90 feet rise from their springing line. They consist of 6 ribs each, which support the roadway above. The 80 feet of width between the parapets allows 50 feet for the roadway, and 15 feet for each of the two sidewalks.

The construction of Manhattan Bridge is due to the persistent efforts of **Andrew H. Green**, Esq., who, nearly twenty years ago, as Comptroller of the Park, laid before the Board of Park Commissioners a complete system for bridging and tunnelling the Harlem between New York and Westchester, and for improving it as a waterway. As executive officer of the parks he had had practically to take into consideration the future of the city above Fifty-ninth Street, and his communication, dated December 30, 1868, showed that "the increase of this city will, within a short period, require most of the area included within the southern part of Westchester," and that the planning of improvements should have reference to a time when "the density of the population on the shores of the Harlem and of Spuyten Duyvil Creek shall be like that which London has on the Thames, and Paris on the Seine." On the supposition of an important navigable waterway being made through the Harlem and Spuyten Duyvil Creek from the East to the North River, Mr. **Green** held that the true solution was bridging at the high points and tunnelling at the low. This general plan settled the advisability of constructing a bridge at the point where the bluffs are the highest.

Accordingly, a few months later, in 1869, a bill for this purpose was introduced into the Legislature, and the necessary authority granted in 1871 to the Park Department. But other matters diverted attention, and after the organization of the Park Commission had been changed, the new Board did not push it. Mr. **Green** therefore urged the Legislature to make a fresh grant of authority, vesting it in three Commissioners. This act was passed June 11, 1885. It prescribed that the bridge should be built 1500 feet north of High Bridge, of stone, steel, or iron, not less than 80 feet wide, "and the grade thereof shall be at an elevation of not less than 145 feet above mean high-water-mark of said river." The Commissioners were to serve without salary; the bridge was to be free, and to be put in charge of the Department of Public Works after its completion, which was to be within three years. The Commissioners chosen were Messrs. **Jacob Lorillard**, **Vernon A. Brown**, and **David J. King**, under whose supervision the contracts have been made and the bridge built.

The first ground was broken in August, 1886, and during the eighteen months that have since elapsed 80,000 cubic yards of masonry have been laid and 3000 tons of steel and iron erected. Thousands of yards of earth and rock were excavated, and over three million feet of timber used for false work. The contractors, Messrs. **Myles Tierney** and the Passaic Rolling Mills, have pushed the work with energy.

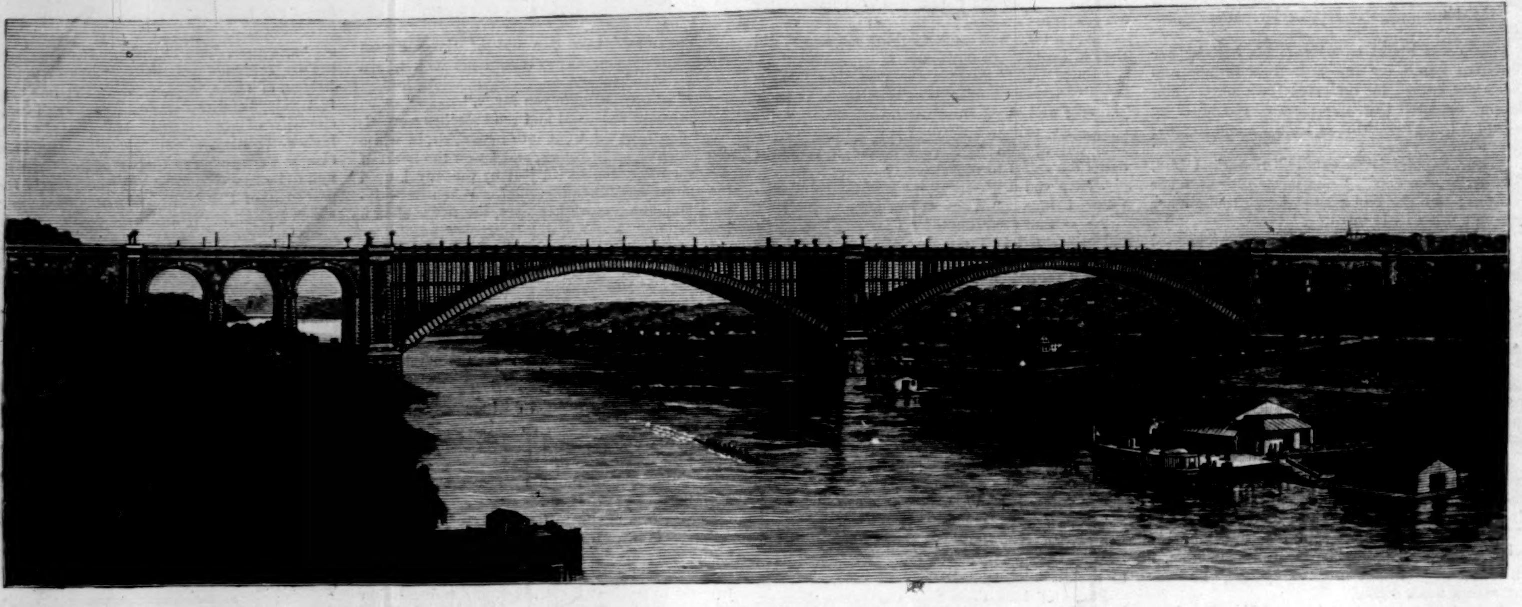
The bridge will obviously tend to increase the population near its approaches, and must also be at once a favorite resort for pleasure-seekers. The official name selected for it is Manhattan Bridge, but Mr. **Green** advocates a change to Boscobel Bridge, which would certainly be more distinctive.

AN EVICTION IN PROGRESS.

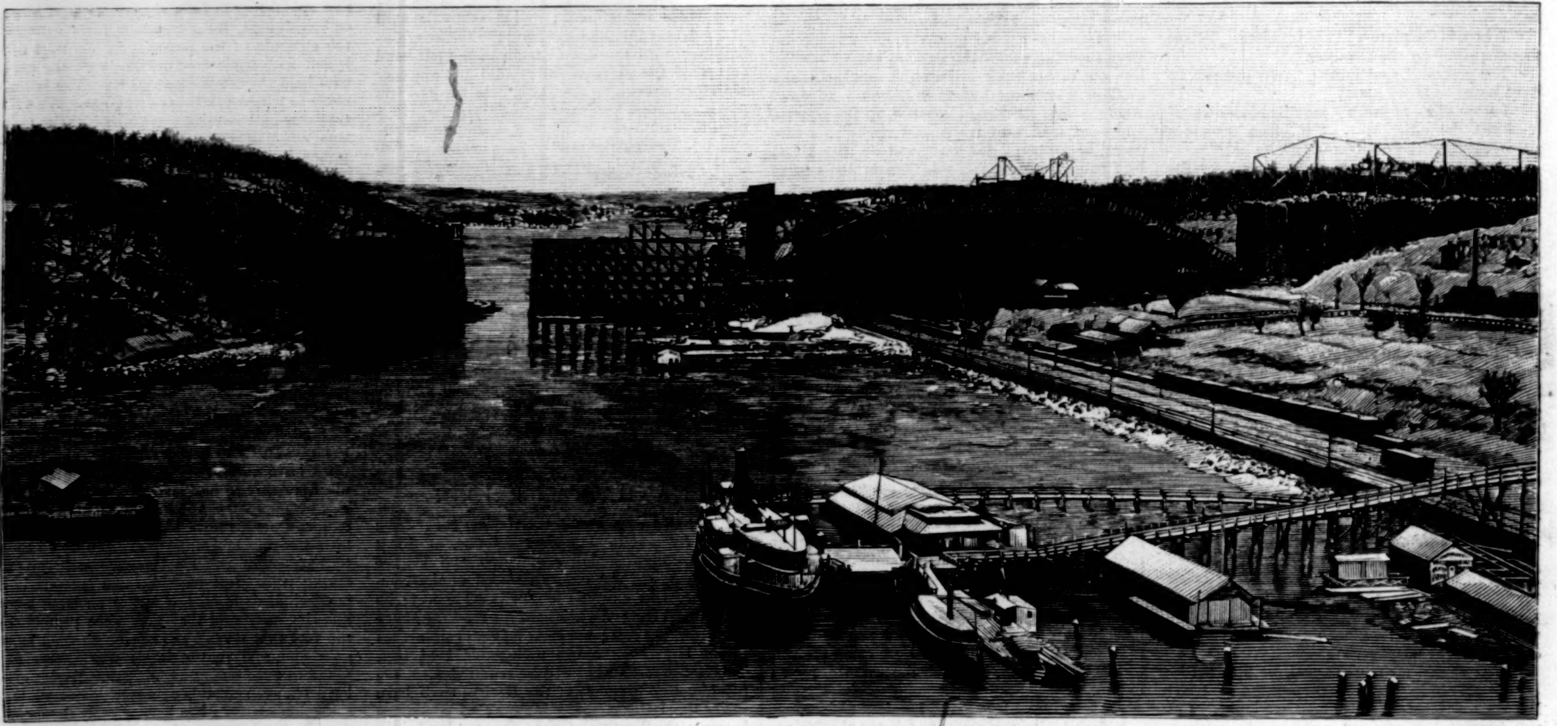
The sketches by **M. Renouard**, a French artist now sojourning in Ireland, give, without gloss or embellishment, the commoner facts concerning the struggle of the peasants in the west of the island with their landlords, or with the usurers who hold the landlords in pawn. The latter become indebted for various reasons. Sometimes they are spendthrifts and waste their means; sometimes they are merely absentees, and the property runs down because there is no strict supervision of the agent; the latter becomes indifferent or neglectful, or else abuses his trust. Positions as agent are not sought by the best class of men, although many honorable and hard-working persons are found who are compelled to labor in this ungrateful field, and the chances are generally in favor of an agency gravitating into wrong hands. Bitterness on both sides causes the landlord to stay abroad as much as he can, and then discourages those agents who have kindly dispositions and intelligence, so that they are apt to retire from the contest after a few years' experience.

But the facilities afforded land-owners to obtain advances of money on the land are largely the cause of the burdens under which Irish estates have staggered hitherto. It was difficult until recently to buy land at any reasonable figure, owing to the absence of other good forms of investment, the fashion of owning landed estates in order to acquire social rank, and the extreme cost of the legal processes involved in taking title. But for the same reasons it was never difficult to borrow money on land, lenders knowing very well that they were protected by the fact that there was not enough good land to go round, and that a buyer was always to be found to purchase at high prices. Recent events have changed all this somewhat; but while the collection of rents has been greatly damaged by the impoverishment of the people through the competition of America and Australia in certain staples, and by the struggle of the farmers not to part with the remnants of their little hoards, the situation in its general features is the same. Rents have to be collected to meet the obligations of landlords, whether made legitimately or by wrongful action, and the government tries its best to carry out the law to the letter according to British precedents.

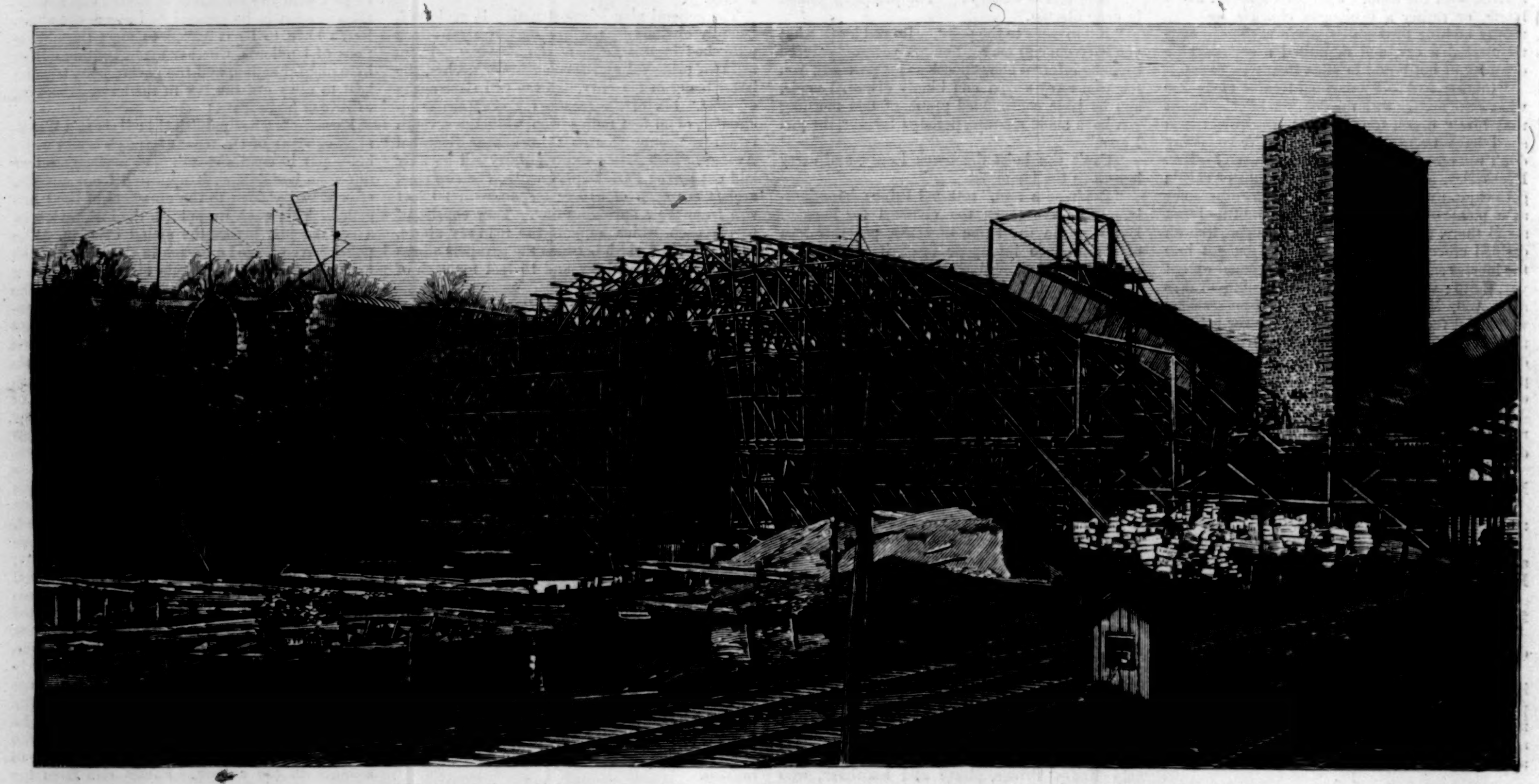
Former sketches published in Harper's Weekly gave views of the tenant farmer's house while being put in condition to stand a siege, and of the same building, as it appeared from outside, after it had yielded to the crowbars of the "brigade." This week we publish the inside view of a cottage just before the actual eviction. The police have effected a breach in the corner of the house, and a natty constable enters the opening with an order to make no further resistance. The garrison, however, stands to its guns, which consist of boiling meal for the women and stout staves for the men. Some broken heads and scalded cheeks will be the result, and then another batch of disconsolate or of openly defiant prisoners will be committed to jail for longer or shorter terms. The constables do not like the work much, but they can console themselves with the reflection that they have for the present excellent food, clothing, and training, and generous pay, and for the future a retiring pension, which is the envy of the regular forces. In the absence of other occupations for the young men of Ireland, it is not difficult to gain recruits for this force. Besides the immediate and contingent emoluments, they gain, in a certain sense a step in the social scale by joining the Royal Constabulary, since they form a caste and class of their own, allied to the general class of land-owners. The artist has made a good contrast between the trig constables in their Prussian helmets and the seedy garrison in their working-man's clothes, and the ever-present cloak and hood of the women. The trained movements of the police may also be compared with the furious action of the men, who see the breach widening and the enemy about to advance to the assault. Fumes rise from the stirabout in the big iron pot, and the cloudy sky of Ireland looks down through the hole in the roof whence the garrison has been harassing the crowbar-men and police.



THE BRIDGE AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

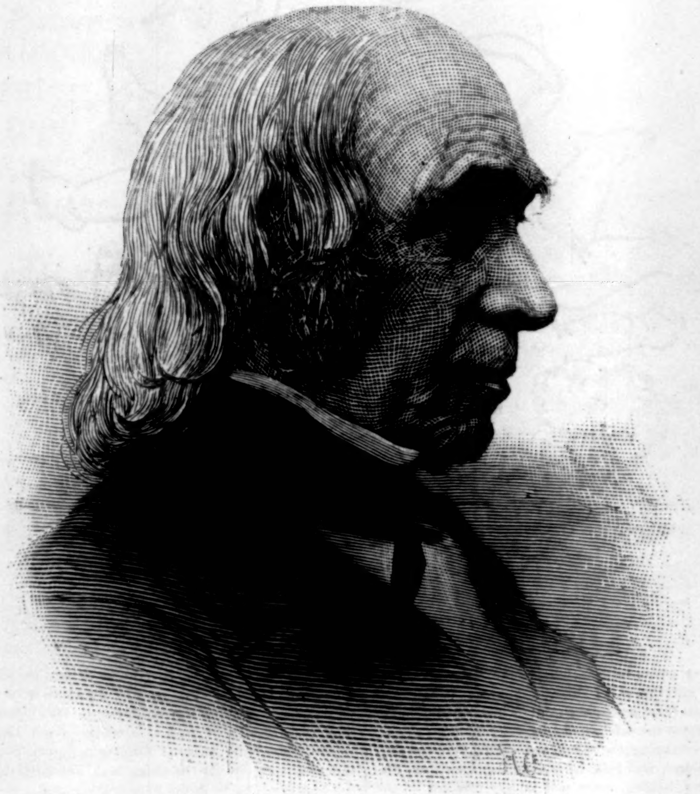


GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE IN ITS PRESENT STAGE OF CONSTRUCTION.

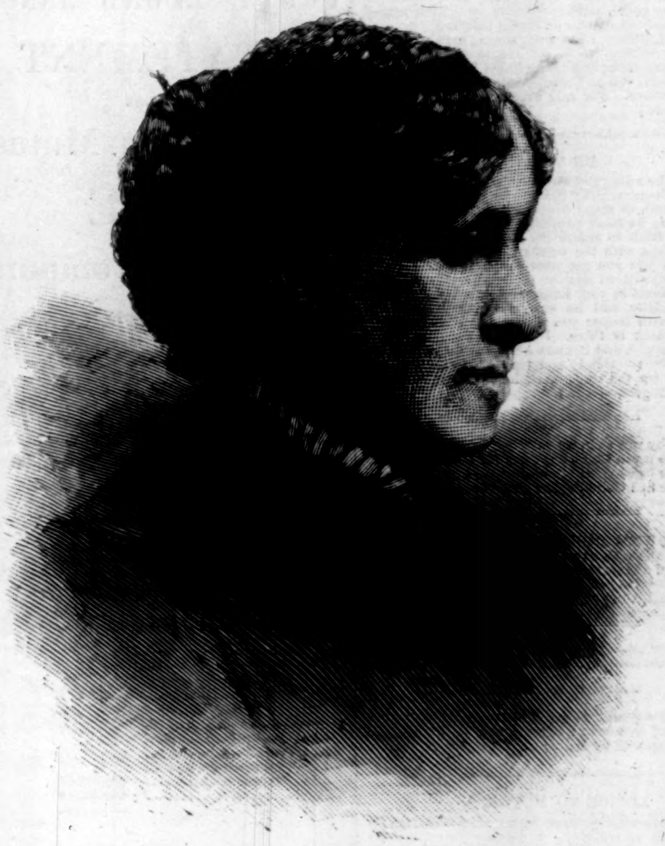


THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE CENTRAL SPAN OF THE BRIDGE.

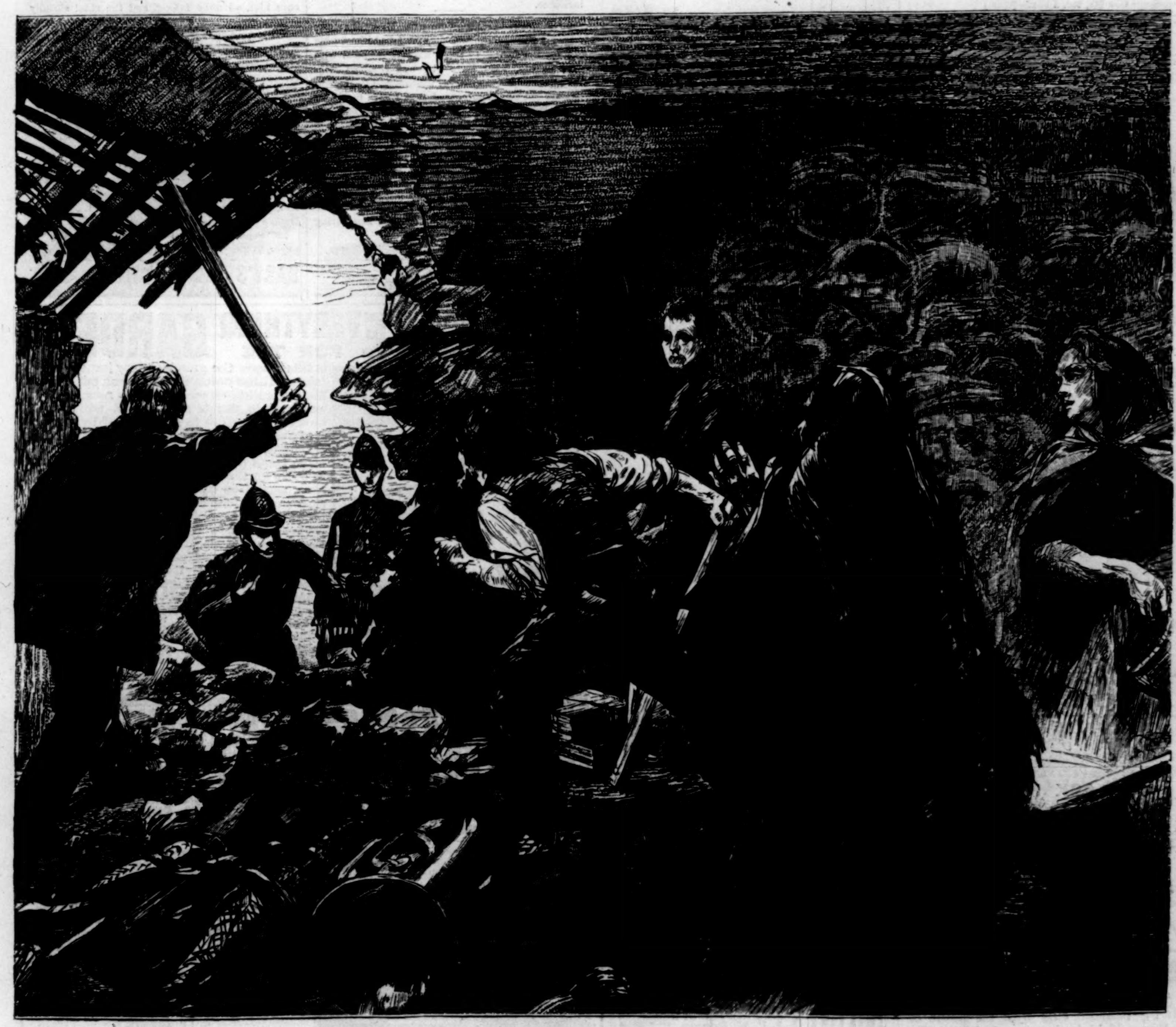
THE NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER AT 181ST STREET.—[See Page 191.]



THE LATE AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 187.]



THE LATE LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 187.]



SKETCHES IN IRELAND—A GALWAY EVICTION IN PROGRESS.—[See Page 191.]

A GOOD REPUTATION.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "*I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath.*"

They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.—[*Adv.*]

BE WARY.

Never take a druggist's word who slanders us or our goods. When you get "Riker's Preparations" look out for fraud, as many druggists in New York and vicinity hate us most cordially, and would resort to any mean trick to injure us. You buy all Riker's Preparations with the legal guarantee that if they do not suit you you get your money back at once. Take no one's word against us, but buy and examine for yourself at your leisure. Please examine our goods carefully and be sure they have not been tampered with before you use them; also see that our trade-mark is there. It's easy to counterfeit a label or wrapper, and Riker's second-hand bottles are to be had by thousands and tens of thousands, but they won't try the trade-mark business; they might burn their fingers.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

The Great Pain Reliever,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Arnold Constable & Co

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

BROCADED AND TAPESTRY
FURNITURE COVERINGS,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
SILK AND TURCOMAN PORTIERES,
LACE DRAPERIES,
PRINTED CRETONNES.

Broadway & 19th st.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT
and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Net Assets, January 1, 1887,		$54,071,189.82
Received in 1887,		
For Premiums	$4,422,465,07	
For Interest and Rents.	2,956.170.10	
Profit and loss	86,727.13	7,465,362.30
		$61,536,552.12

DISBURSED IN 1887.

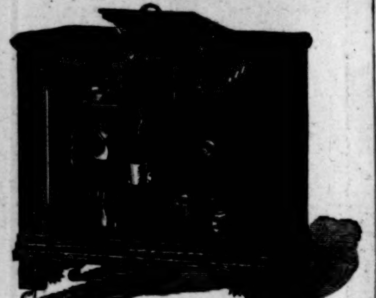
For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,660,730.09		
Surplus returned to policy-holders	1,177,261.16		
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	576,310.06		
Total to Policy-Holders		$5,414,301.31	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses		688,879.07	
Taxes		304,803.19	
			6,407,983.57
Balance Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1887			$55,128,568.55

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$32,844,664.04
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		393,933.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force		2,102,949.15
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company		9,790,114.65
Cost of United States and other Bonds		8,790,822.59
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks		400,851.00
Cash in Banks		788,856.67
Balance Due from Agents		16,377.45
		$55,128,568.55
Add		
Interest due and accrued,	$1,025,110.14	
Rents accrued	10,970.43	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	391,276.06	
Net deferred premiums	87,573.20	
		1,514,929.83
Gross Assets, December 31, 1887,		$56,643,498.38
Liabilities:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding Policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest	$50,362,653.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on Policies issued since April 1, 1882	260,692.00	
All other liabilities	794,414.77	
		51,417,759.77
Surplus by Company's Standard		$5,225,738.61
Surplus by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent.		5,486,430.61
Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1887		9.23 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1887, 63,483, insuring		$150,992,498.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
D. H. WELLS, Actuary.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

MONEY MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

$75 a Month and expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

Copyrighted

The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors of the skin or scalp to the celebrated Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally, are infallible.

Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura Remedies, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest. ANTON BOSSIMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

The Cuticura Remedies are in great demand. The Cuticura Resolvent sells better than any other blood purifier. The Cuticura Soap is praised by my customers, especially mothers, who say it is the best for babies, preventing and curing scall head and similar diseases.

GEORGE HOBBS, P.M., Collins, Texas.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, etc. Finally, we called other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him Cuticura Resolvent internally, and the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the Resolvent about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady.

H. E. RYAN, Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of January, 1887. C. N. COE, *J. P.*

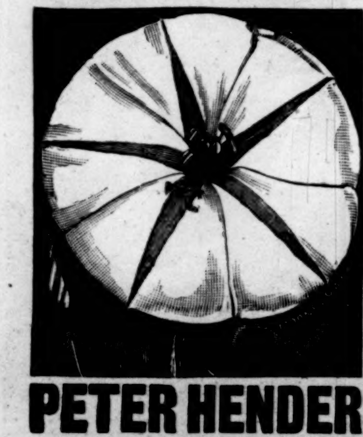
Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

BABY'S Skin, scalp, and hair preserved and beautified by the use of Cuticura Soap.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN



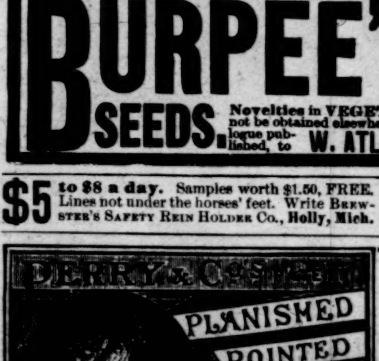
is this season the grandest ever issued, containing **three colored plates** and superb illustrations of everything that is **new, useful** and **rare** in **Seeds** and **Plants**, with plain directions of "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of **25** cents (in stamps.) To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual we will, at the same time, send **free by mail**, in **addition**, their choice of any **one** of the following novelties, the **price** of either of which is 25 cents:—One packet of the new **Green and Gold Watermelon**, or one packet of new **Succession Cabbage**, or one packet of new **Zebra Zinnia**, or one packet of **Butterfly Pansy**, or one packet of new **Mammoth Verbena**, or one plant of the beautiful **Moonflower**, (see illustration), ***on the distinct understanding,*** however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

BURPEE'S SEEDS. **FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888** Will be sent **FREE** to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, **Colored Plates**, and tells all about the **BEST GARDEN, FARM** and **FLOWER Seeds, Bulbs, Plants,** and **Valuable New Books on Garden Topics.** It describes **Rare** Novelties in **VEGETABLES** and **FLOWERS** of **real value,** which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit free. Terms free. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.



Every One Should Try Them.

They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. They will not stick in the paper, spurt, or blot, and they hold more ink than other pens.

12 selected samples sent for trial, in an **English Jubilee Match-box,** *postpaid*, on receipt of **10** cents. Ask for Planished Pens.

SOLE AGENTS,
IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

The "Flowery Kingdom's ruler high. Keeps "Allcock's porous plasters" nigh.
ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine POROUS PLASTERS. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of Spinal Weakness, Kidney and Pulmonary Difficulties, Malaria, Ague Cake, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Strains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Heart, Spleen, and Stomach Troubles, and all local pains.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations.

Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Scott's EMULSION OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of ***CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.***

ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Miss Marie A. Brown's Timely Historical Work!

THE ICELANDIC DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA; or, Honor to whom Honor is Due.

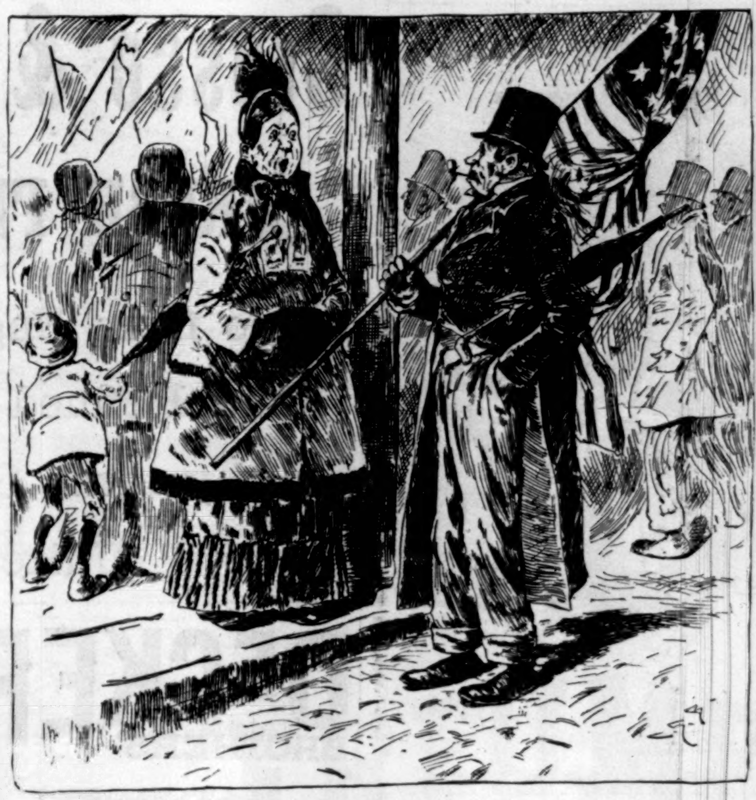
12mo, cloth, ills., $1.00. Sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of price. All orders to be sent to MISS MARIE A. BROWN, care of E. FLEMING & Co., 47 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

Experience shows the superiority over bristles of the

"IDEAL FELT TOOTH POLISHER" HORSEY MFG. CO. UTICA.N.Y. 18 POLISHERS BOXED 25¢ HANDSOME HOLDER 35¢ BENEFICIAL BEAUTIFYING EACH POLISHER LASTS 10 DAYS. HOLDER IMPERISHABLE.

Has earned highest professional and general indorsements. The eminent novelist, Mr. Geo. W. Cable, writes: "I have your brush in use. It certainly gives the teeth an extremely pleasant feeling of polish."



THE FOREIGNER.

"An' ye've lift the pirade, Tim?"

"Oi have that."

"Phwat fur?"

"Oi've just been towld as Sint Patrick was a Frinchman, an' the idee of traipsin' roun' the sthraits an' carryin' the American flag fur a furriner is not to me taste, at all at all."

"Who doth a keen employ Hath mind at ease to life enjoy."

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, Manufactured at MANCHESTER CONN, by WILLIAMS & BROTHERS CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES.

The keenest razor will not "keep its edge" if an *inferior* shaving soap is used. Nothing dulls a razor so quickly as a lather which has little "body," and which dries almost *as soon as applied to the face.* Did you ever think of this?

The creamy, luxurious, and durable lather which has always distinguished "WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS" renders them incomparably superior to all others, and has made them famous for half a century. If you want to keep your razor sharp, and enjoy shaving, use "Williams' Soaps."

If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps, they will be sent, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, **25** cents; GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, **15** cents; WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBERS' BAR SOAP—in packages of **6** cakes, expressly for Toilet use, **40** cents. Its Purity, Delicate Perfume, and Delightful Emollient Properties render this SOAP invaluable for the Toilet and Bath.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.,

Manufacturers of Fine Shaving Soaps.

(Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester.) Established 1840.

[Gentlemen who are shaved by their barbers will greatly add to their comfort and safety by seeing that their cups are always supplied with WILLIAMS' SOAPS.]

FINE LINEN

Writing Papers.

If you want a DAY BOOK made to order,
If you want a JOURNAL made to order,
If you want a CASH BOOK made to order,
If you want a LEDGER made to order,
If you want a RECORD made to order,
If you want a CHECK BOOK made to order,
If you want a SALES BOOK made to order,
If you want Paper for CORRESPONDENCE,
If you want Paper for LETTER HEADS,
If you want Paper for NOTE HEADS,
If you want Paper for BILL HEADS,
If you want Paper for TYPE-WRITER use,
If you want WRITING PAPER for any purpose,
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
For "LINEN LEDGER" Paper or "LINEN WRITING" Paper, made by

CRANE BROS.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Used by all STATIONERS.
Used by all BOOKBINDERS.
Used by all LITHOGRAPHERS.
Used by all PRINTERS.
Sold by all PAPER DEALERS.

OUR TRADE-MARK.

These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

DRESS FABRICS

For Street and House Costumes.

HIGH-CLASS PARIS NOVELTIES.

BORDERED AND ENGLISH SUITINGS.

HABIT CLOTHS.

Silk-Warp and All-Wool Henriettas.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

PARADISE

PARADISE A NOVEL PARADISE A NOVEL For Sale at BRENTANO'S AND ALL BOOKSELLERS. Price, 25c. PARADISE A NOVEL PARADISE

BY LLOYD S. BRYCE.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be The LARGEST SEEDSMEN *in the world.* D. M. FERRY & Co's *Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced* SEED ANNUAL For 1888 Will be mailed FREE to ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every one using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address **D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

EUROPE ELEVENTH SEASON

13,000 MILES, 96 DAYS

of **FOREIGN TRAVEL,** including the principal **Countries, Capitals, Sights and Scenes.** All travel and hotels first class. All expenses included. **PARTY SELECT.** Fullest enjoyment and profit, with greatest economy of time and money. Absolute freedom from care. Good management and intelligent conductors. Send for circulars free.

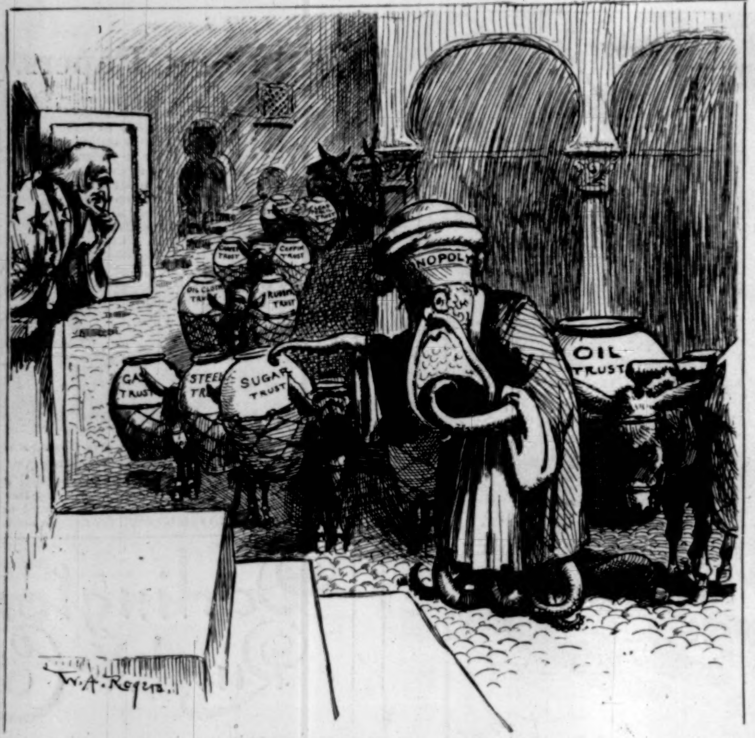
Tours of 96 Days, 80 Days, and 65 Days.
E. Tourjee, Franklin Square, Boston.

BICYCLES $8 to $150. EASY PAYMENTS.

Tricycles, $7.50 up. Standard makes. Second-hand Wheels handled. Send for Catalogue.
GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 15 G St., Peoria, Ill.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA. Established A.D. 1772. This old standard medicine has lost none of its virtues or usefulness. It is still esteemed by physicians and the people as the best means for relieving those troubles (particularly in infants) of the stomach and bowels which are attended with acidity. It relieves heartburn at once, is one of the mildest and most pleasant aperients, gently yet effectually moving the bowels, and therefore is a boon to those habitually constipated; and to the bilious and gouty it is especially beneficial. Caution: *Beware of Counterfeits.* Henry's Genuine Calcined Magnesia bears the name of W. H. Schieffelin & Co., as Wholesale Agents for the U. S. Obtainable of Druggists.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. **GIANT** Self-inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, **$5** Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.



THE FORTY T——S.

Baba Jonathan. "I don't like your looks, Mr. Merchant. You had better *move on.*"

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
TRADE MARK
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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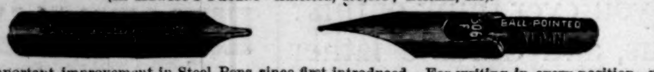

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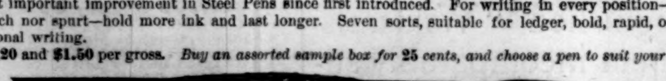

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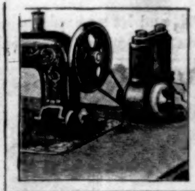

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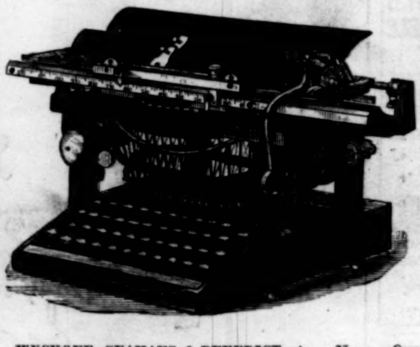

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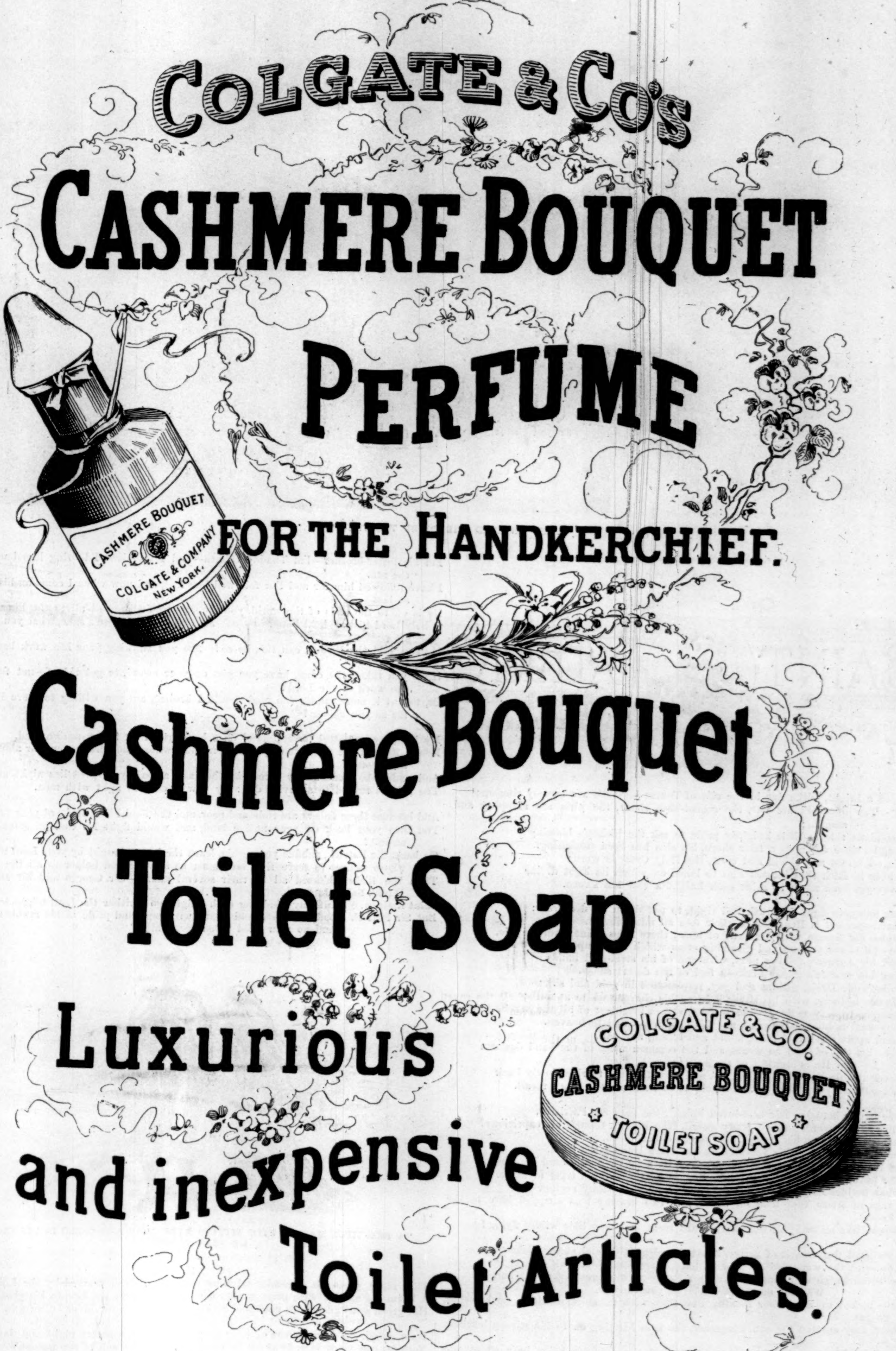
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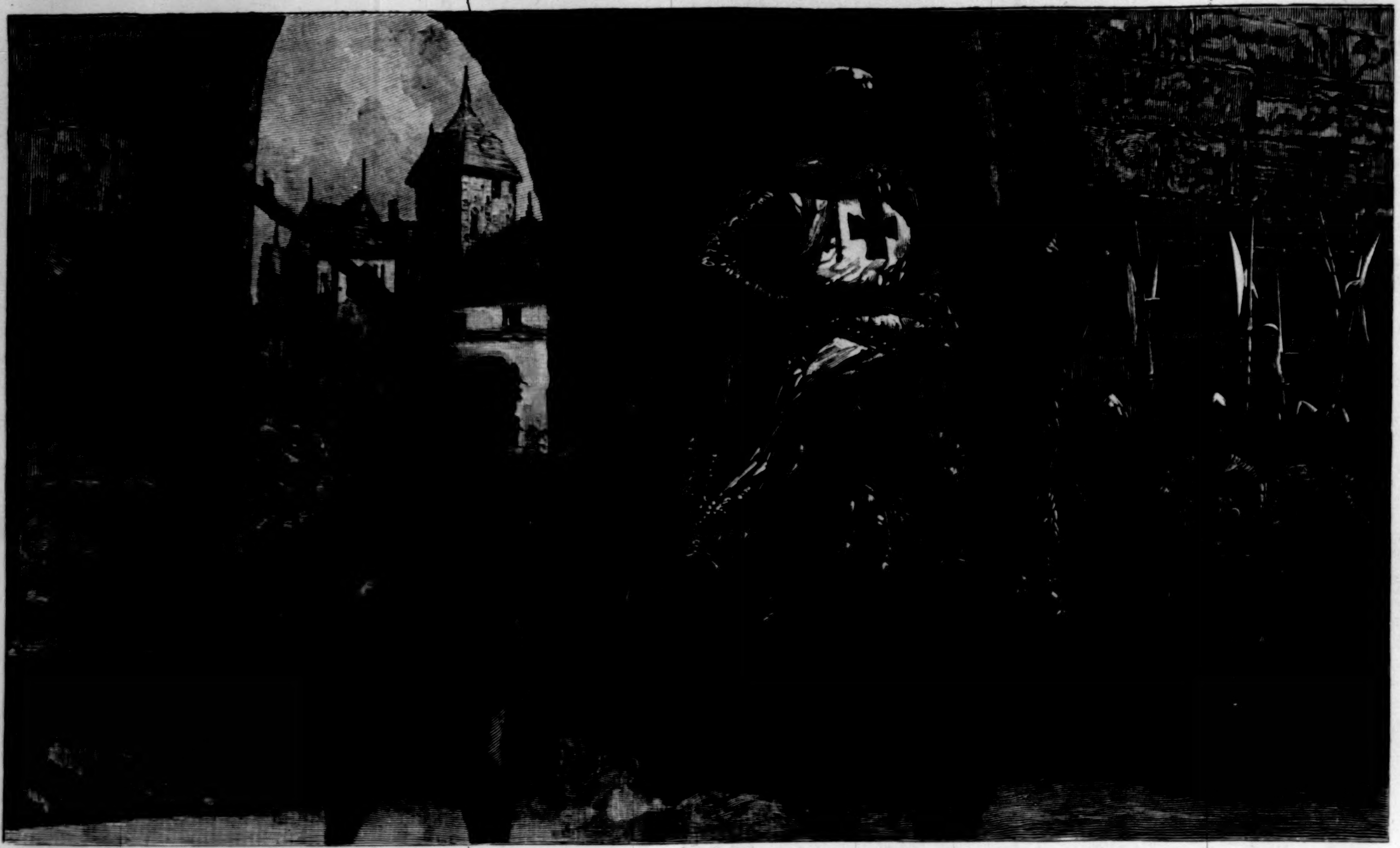


"THEY ENTERED THE COURT TOGETHER."

SAINT PATRICK

A BALLAD · BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

'TIS a bright, blithe day in the city of Tours; joy-bells are merrily ringing;
The burghers are out, the school-boys shout, the girls are skipping and singing;
The champions ride in their knightly pride to ask the Bishop's blessing;
Each knight since dawn, to a friar shorn, his sins has been confessing.
By each, on breast and shield and crest, the Holy Cross is worn;
For to bear in faith that blessèd sign to lands on which its light divine
Has never yet been made to shine each knight a vow has sworn.

They are going to fight for truth and right, to put down all deceivers;
Their battle-ground is Heathenesse, their foes all misbelievers.
There rides Sir George with his scarf of blue; there rides Saint Andrew pale,
With his blood-red pennon and gleaming cross which lights up his rusty mail.
The good Sir Anthony follows next, with one of his steel-clad hands
Caressing his courser's glossy neck—a foal of the desert sands.
Next follows Sir Denis, gallant and gay, resplendent in gold and silk;
Saint James is there, with his silver hair, on his charger white as milk;
His armor (save only Saint Andrew's cross) shines brightest of all the seven,
A scallop-shell is his chosen crest, and his eyes are raised to heaven.
Alone and apart Sir David rides, stolid and strong and tall,
A leek in his cap of steel he wears, and the common voice of the band declares
He is stoutest of them all;
He is ever the foremost in bold attack, and ever the last to ride slowly back
On his mountain pony, shaggy and black, when he hears the sharp recall.

But where, O, where is their best-loved knight, the fiery Sir Patricius,
With his jesting word, and his ready sword, true knight, though oft capricious?
His very name asserts his claim to be of the oldest blood,
And some men say that his ancestry he can trace beyond the flood.
He has lingered to gird on a jewelled sword by a lady's scarf round his waist,
And the pavements ring with his galloping as he rides to his tryst in haste.
But what besides flies fast as he rides, some gibberish wildly crying,
With rags of frieze that float on the breeze, two brawny legs stripped bare to the knees,
And howls, like an owl's in the church-yard trees, and long hair wildly flying?

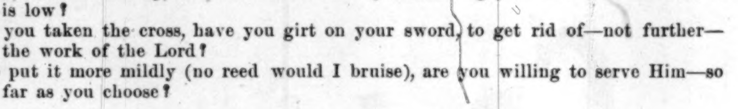
Over his head the branch of a tree, knotted and gnarled and stout, shakes he;
Well up with the war-steed on he flies, hatless and breathless, with eager eyes.
Of the seven knights in that company Sir Patricius was proudest of all, and he
Was the one least likely, as you can see,
To have picked up a follower looking like that, with no shirt, no shoes, no breeches, no hat.
However, they entered the court together, the man hanging on to his stirrup leather.

When Saint Martin solemnly took up his word the savage's voice in a shout was heard:
Holy Lord Bishop! he roared out, stay! Don't give him your blessing! Don't send him away!
Paynims and devils and foes galore he may find to fight on his native shore.
So, your Reverence darling, just bid him come and look after the heathen that's living at home.
I'm his foster-brother—I'm Thaddy O'Shea—and I promised I'd bring him back over the sea.
I have followed him far and I've followed him fast, and now when I come on his tracks at last
He is off to the ends of the world, you see, and won't listen at all to the likes of me.
O holy Lord Bishop, he'll listen to *you!* Just try, for the Lord's sake, what you can do.

My son, said the Bishop, can this be so? Are you shirking your life work because it is low?
Have you taken the cross, have you girt on your sword, to get rid of—not further—the work of the Lord?
Or, to put it more mildly (no reed would I bruise), are you willing to serve Him—so far as you choose?

My lord, my ancestral towers stand on a lone grim rock in my native land.
Round its foot are the huts of poor fishers rude, whose thoughts never soar above work and food;
And under the stone at my threshold, they say, a loathly Serpent lies night and day;
The ruin is turned to a devil's den: my vow is only to fight with men.

And because these fishers are rude and poor, and the Foul Fiend lurks at your very door,
You turn your back on your native land, and would fight for God on some foreign strand?
Go back, Sir Patrick, subdue your pride, learn the lesson taught by your Lord who died,
That whoso aspires to serve Him best must be servant and helper to all the rest.
Then the Bishop blessed all by their several names—Sir George and Sir Denis, Sir David, Saint James,
Saint Andrew, Sir Anthony—bidding each knight go whither the Lord might lead him;
But Sir Patrick stood unblessed and apart, with rage and pride in his stubborn heart,
And no man cried "God speed him!"

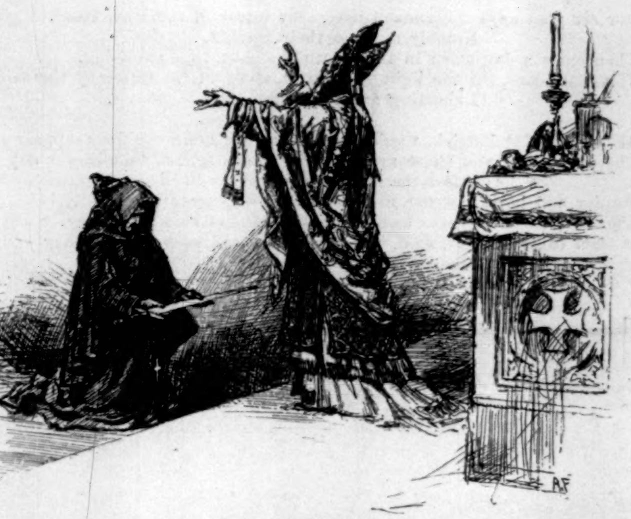


"A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN WITH PITYING EYES CAME AND GAZED IN HIS FACE, TO HIS GLAD SURPRISE."

II.

That night, when his comrades all were gone, Sir Patrick walked by the Loire alone.
A beautiful maiden with pitying eyes came and gazed in his face, to his glad surprise.
Her green scarf girded his mail-clad breast, and hers was the favor he wore in his crest.

I am going, she said, to yon cloister gray, to pray for a sinner night and day.
Nothing can place him, however he fares, beyond the reach of my woman's prayers.
They will win him God's succor in peril and strife, they will soothe him in sorrow, will brighten his life.
Apart yet together, we two shall be one; he as the champion, I as the nun,
Till we sing *Nunc dimittis*, our victory won, our warfare accomplished, our triumph begun.
She vanished. Sir Patrick never knew whether her presence were vision or true.



"LO! THUS I CONSECRATE THIS SWORD."

III.

Again all Tours keeps holiday, again church-bells are ringing;
Again the cathedral's walls give back the echoes of Christian singing.
A knight has taken the frock and cowl, and asks Saint Martin's blessing,
His sin of pride, which once defied the teachings of the Crucified,
With lowly tears confessing.

His armor on the altar lay—helm, cuirass, gauntlets, shield—
But his knightly hand still grasped the brand he had borne on many a field;
Its hilt in the form of a cross was wrought, and it glittered with jewels from India brought.

My lord, said he, one grace grant me—this sword I pray you leave me;
With it I hope, by God's good grace, to strike some stroke that may efface
The burning shame of my disgrace
Ere Death, God's chamberlain, shall come and bid me to that higher room
Where Christ himself shall shrieve me.

Slowly the Bishop shook his head, and long he pondered ere he said:
I know not. Jewelled swords, my brother, befit thy hand no more. Far other
Must be thy weapons in God's sight; His servitor, and not His knight.
But this I promise, brother mine, no hand shall wield this sword but thine.
Go! seek some altar poor and bare, and hang this glittering bauble there.
Its sheen perchance new hope may dart into some troubled earth-bound heart,
Teaching it better to understand that the day of the Lord is nigh at hand,
When each faithful soul shall shine as a gem in some gate of the New Jerusalem.
Meantime, if God needs help of thine, by His own hand, my son, not mine,
This brand to thy hand shall be restored. Lo! thus I consecrate this sword:

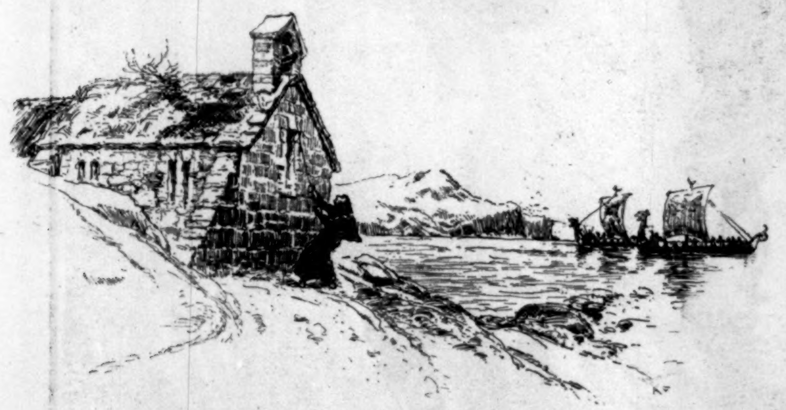
I bless thee, O sword, in the name of the Lord;
I bless thee to conquer the Fiend abhorred
In whatever form he may walk abroad.
I bless thee, and blessing I dimly foresee
A day when the Seed of the Serpent shall be
Crushed, sword of Sir Patrick, by him and by thee!

The Bishop paused, his eyes shone bright with a sudden gleam of prophetic light;
He had meant to bless, but his closing words had been put in his mouth by some will of the Lord's.

Father, said Patrick, bowing low, in penitence and hope I go
To lay this sword the Rood before, of a lowly church on a savage shore.
No lace, no gold, no jewelled sheen, have there by human eyes been seen,
Though perchance on the steps of its altar bare the tears of peasant women in prayer
For the souls and the safety of fishers at sea have shone brighter in God's sight than diamonds to me.

IV.

It is Easter Day in Killala Bay: no joy-bells ring at dawning,
But the bell of the chapel rude and gray into the country far away



"CLANGS A NOTE OF DISMAL WARNING."

Clangs a note of dismal warning;
For two black ships in the offing lay, long serpents they from Norroway,
Seen by the sexton at break of day, steering straight for Killala Bay
In the gray of a bright spring morning.

The frightened fishers round their priest, their much-loved priest, are pressing:
But, father, you can give no aid in this extremity, they said,
Beyond your prayers and blessing.
In other lands the castle stands a hiding-place in danger,
But our liege lord wields his good sword in strange lands for the stranger.
While under his castle door stone hides the Worm with the speckled skin,
No man in the stronghold would venture out, and no man will venture in.
If our knight were here we would not fear, but he wades in Paynim gore,
Nor strikes one stroke for the lowly folk who dwell by his castle door.

Then suddenly out of the wailing crowd sprang Thaddy O'Shea, and cried:
Sure I'd never have given the secret tongue till the blessèd day that I died,
If it hadn't have been for those pirate ships that comes sailing over the sea.
Sir Patrick, give me the leave to speak, and don't you be mad with me.
Good people, I say, here's our lord this day; this holy priest is he:
And sure I know, for didn't I go and bring him back over the sea.
And whoso lays blame on Sir Patrick's name he'll have to settle with me!
There hangs his sword with its jewelled cross over our Rood of wood.
Bid him unloose it from the wall, and slay till its blade drips blood.
Then bid him, sword in hand, go stand on the top of the Castle Hill;
Bid him attack the Worm abhorred—I heard the Bishop speak the word—
Sir Patrick darlin'! you know, dear lord, that by the aid of this blessèd sword
You may slay the Worm if you will!

No, children, answered the knightly priest: I swore I would lay this brand
Upon this altar till the Lord restores it to my hand.
The loathly Snake till then must make its foul den where it may.
Tarry the leisure of the Lord, the Holy Scriptures say.
We will wait on His will, though He tarrieth still. My children, let us pray.

The two black ships came sailing in while the priest these words was saying,
And the Devil kept whispering in his heart: More of a knight than a priest thou art;
Take down the sword, and do thy part by fighting, not by praying.

But calm on his knees before the Rood, Saint Patrick kept his station,
And the flash of the jewelled cross shone more brilliant than ever it shone of yore,
And he prayed as he never had prayed before, Lord, lead us not into temptation!

V.

The Vikings hurried ashore; they took of the fisher folk no heed;
They made their way to the castle gray; they mounted the hill with speed.
In their train they bore to that savage shore three captives—holy nuns—
And their leaders that night had sworn to fight for the choice of those helpless ones;
And one of the three, from over the sea, was Saint Bridget, the story runs.

When the Vikings saw the Snake at the gate, Jarl Guttorm his javelin threw.
It struck the scales on the monster's back, and then it rebounded; and, ah!—good lack!—
It pierced Jarl Guttorm through.
Then stout Jarl Eric unsheathed his brand, and over it muttered a spell;
But never a stroke did he strike; for, lo! as he poised himself for a deadly blow,
His sword-arm palsied fell.

On that out spake a Christian page who had run by Jarl Guttorm's knee:
Attend, my lord, to a tale that last night yon holy woman told me,
As she and I sat in the bows in the dark and gazed out over the sea.
She told of a knight—the bravest knight, she said, of the Champions Seven—
Who laid aside his armor bright, and took the robe of an anchorite,
To do the will of Heaven.
She told how the Bishop had blessed his sword all spells of the Devil to break,
And how, true to his word, he laid that sword on an altar for Jesus' sake—
For Jesus' sake—the Great White Christ; and then she added a wonder—
That that very sword, to this very day, hangs here in a church by Killala Bay—
That very church we see thereaway in the bight of the cove down yonder.

Never a word said the Norse King then, but he strode forth, followed by all his men.
They entered the church, where the wailing crowd shivered and shuddered and moaned aloud.
The Jarl marched boldly up the aisle with unbending brow and a haughty smile;
But as he drew near the chancel rail his strength and his courage began to fail.
Could it be fear that he felt when he faltered and stumbled and sank on his knee,
As the priest, by a sudden impulse stirred, held out his hand to his long-lost sword?
The sword dropped lovingly into his grasp, and he held it firm in an iron clasp.
He turned and strode toward his castle grim, Danes, Vikings, and Christians following him.

VI.

The loathly Snake grew rigid with fear. It glared on the saint as his steps drew near
With the evil glare of its evil eye;
For though the future unknown may be to Satan as well as to us, yet he
Is always conscious sooner than we when the wrath of God is nigh.

But no long time was the Worm afraid. Swiftly descended Saint Patrick's blade,
And the poisonous head to such distance flew that where it descended none ever knew.

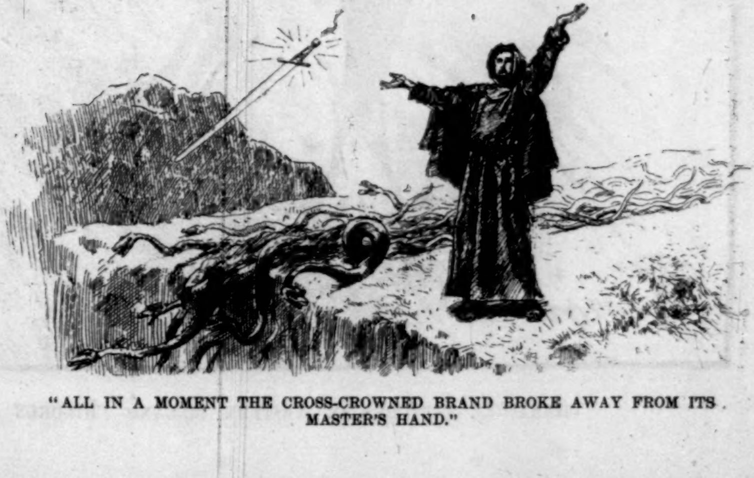
The stone rolled back of itself; and lo! a wondrous sight could be seen below.
Thousands and thousands of snakes were there. 'Twas a devils' den; 'twas a serpents' lair.
Green, and yellow, and speckled, and red, and every serpent raised its head;
But not a snake had power to coil, though they spat out venom as thick as oil.

Saint Patrick turned his face inland, led by a power he could not withstand;
And after him followed, under the spell, the army of serpents all pell-mell.
They came like the rats in Hamelin town, wriggling and writhing, but hurrying on,
Led by the saint and his glorious sword, impelled thereto by the will of the Lord.

The stern Norse warriors stood aghast as the army of reptiles wriggled past;
The nuns fell down on their knees before the jewelled cross that Saint Patrick bore;
And tears in Saint Bridget's soft eyes shone—her prayers had been answered, her life-work was done.
Nunc dimittis! she sang, until its echoes resounded from hill to hill;
Nunc dimittis! Saint Patrick heard as he followed rather than held the sword.
Brighter and brighter its jewels shone, and faster and faster it hurried them on.

VII.

They reached a lake—a still, lone lake, all blue and bright and beaming,
With scarcely a ripple to ruffle its breast, and a golden sunset glow from the west
On its placid waters streaming;
And as they neared it, over the crest of a hill (like angels from heaven)
Came six knights riding with cross on breast—six knights come over the seas in quest
Of the comrade that each one had loved the best in that glorious band of Seven.



"ALL IN A MOMENT THE CROSS-CROWNED BRAND BROKE AWAY FROM ITS MASTER'S HAND."